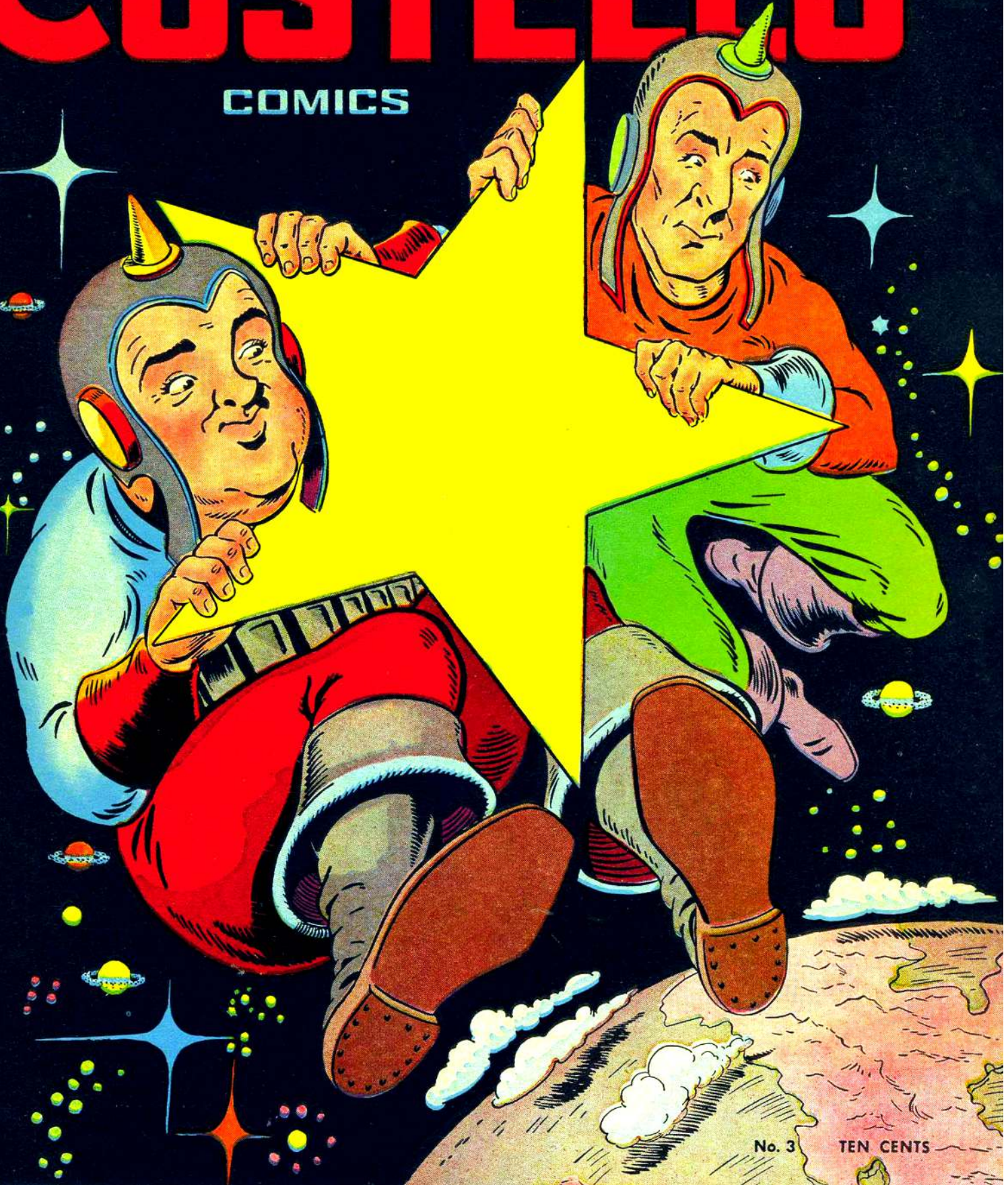


ANC

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

COMICS



No. 3

TEN CENTS

MEN! Beautiful Matching Genuine Leather Western BILLFOLD POCKET FLASHLIGHT and COWHIDE Western BELT-

Embossed Cowhide Belt

De Luxe
Quality

Beautiful
WESTERN
DESIGN!

GENUINE
LEATHER

all Three
BELT,
BILLFOLD
and FLASHLIGHT
only-

Only
\$ **2.98**

BILLFOLD
CLOSED

BUILT-IN
CHANGE PURSE

BILLFOLD
OPEN

BUILT-IN
PASS CASE

ALL-METAL POCKET FLASHLIGHT

- Ideal for home, workshop, auto and dozens of other uses.
- Complete with batteries.
- Equipped with red plastic reflector which serves as a warning signal.

THE BELT Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here is a beautiful Cowhide Belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants a rich looking stylish belt that will hold without binding when buckled. Look at these features! *Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish*—expertly hand-stamped from end to end in Tooled Spanish Design by skilled belt craftsmen; gives this Texas Beauty Belt that ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width in sizes from 28 to 46 and has an all-metal buckle. Has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

THE BILLFOLD You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Western Style" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Genuine Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Embossed illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features.

THE FLASHLIGHT Here's the handiest flashlight you've ever seen. Fits into vest pocket, purse or slacks. Measures only 1 1/2" wide x 2 1/4" high and can be held in palm of hand. All metal construction exclusive of fittings. Throws a clear beam of light through center opening. In addition, the plastic reflector which encircles bulb gives off a bright red glow. A flick of the finger quickly turns switch on or off as desired. Ideal for finding keys or locating light buttons in the dark, for tinkering around workshop or auto, and hundreds of other uses. Beautifully finished in dura-tone color. Complete with batteries.

YOU TAKE NO RISK ORDERING THIS BEAUTIFUL MATCHING SET

We sincerely believe that this 3-piece Western set of belt, billfold and flashlight represents the finest value of its kind to be found anywhere. Convince yourself by comparing our low price of \$2.98 with what you would have to pay elsewhere. We're sure you'll agree that here's a beautiful matching set you can't afford to pass up. Rush your order at once and see for yourself. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If, after you receive your belt, billfold and flashlight set, you aren't more than pleased in every respect with the appearance and quality of this outstanding value, just return within 10 days and your money will be promptly refunded in full.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2957
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

☐ Send me the beautiful matching Genuine Leather Western Billfold, Pocket Flashlight and Cowhide Western Belt as pictured above. I will pay the postman on arrival only \$2.98 C.O.D. plus 22c Federal tax and few cents postage. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for full refund.

This is my belt size (state your size from 28 to 46) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ To save all shipping charges I am enclosing in advance with this order \$2.98 plus 22c Fed. Tax (total \$3.20). Ship my set postage prepaid.

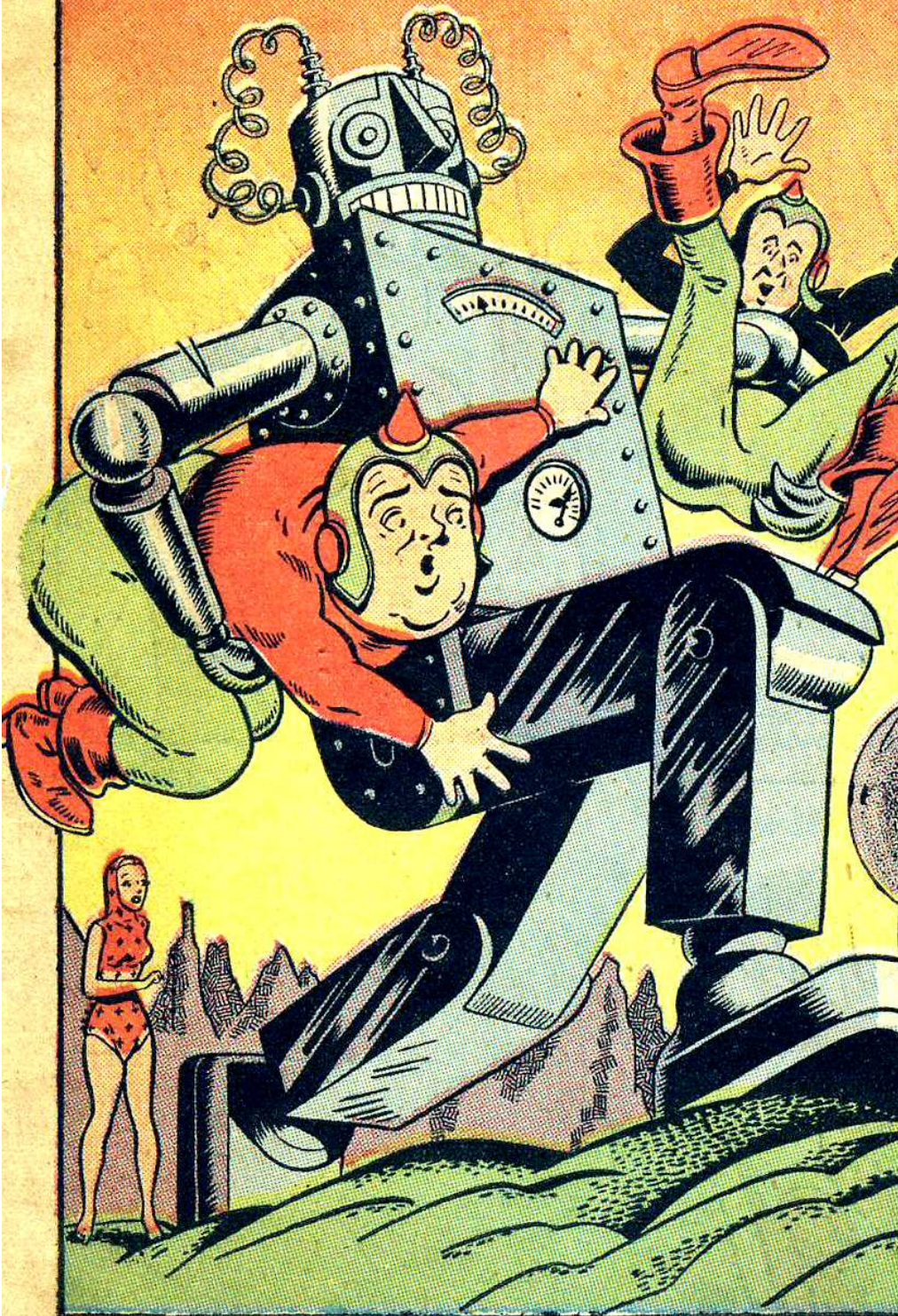
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ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

in "ABOUT SPACE"

A Story With a Future
by JOHN GRAHAM
Illustrated by LILLY RENEE' and
ERIC PETERS



WELL, COME ON THEN. WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

MY... PUFF! BARREL.

AH, TWO FINE LADS! YOU'RE SENT FROM HEAVEN!

NO. WE WERE SENT FROM BROOKLYN. BUT WE WANT TO WORK.

AND SO YOU SHALL. BUT FIRST YOUR COSTUMES. THIS WAY QUICKLY!

AHEM! YOUR "AD" HOLLERED HELP! THAT'S US!

HEY, ABBOTT. WHAT KIND OF A SUIT IS THIS ... ONLY ONE PAIR OF PANTS!

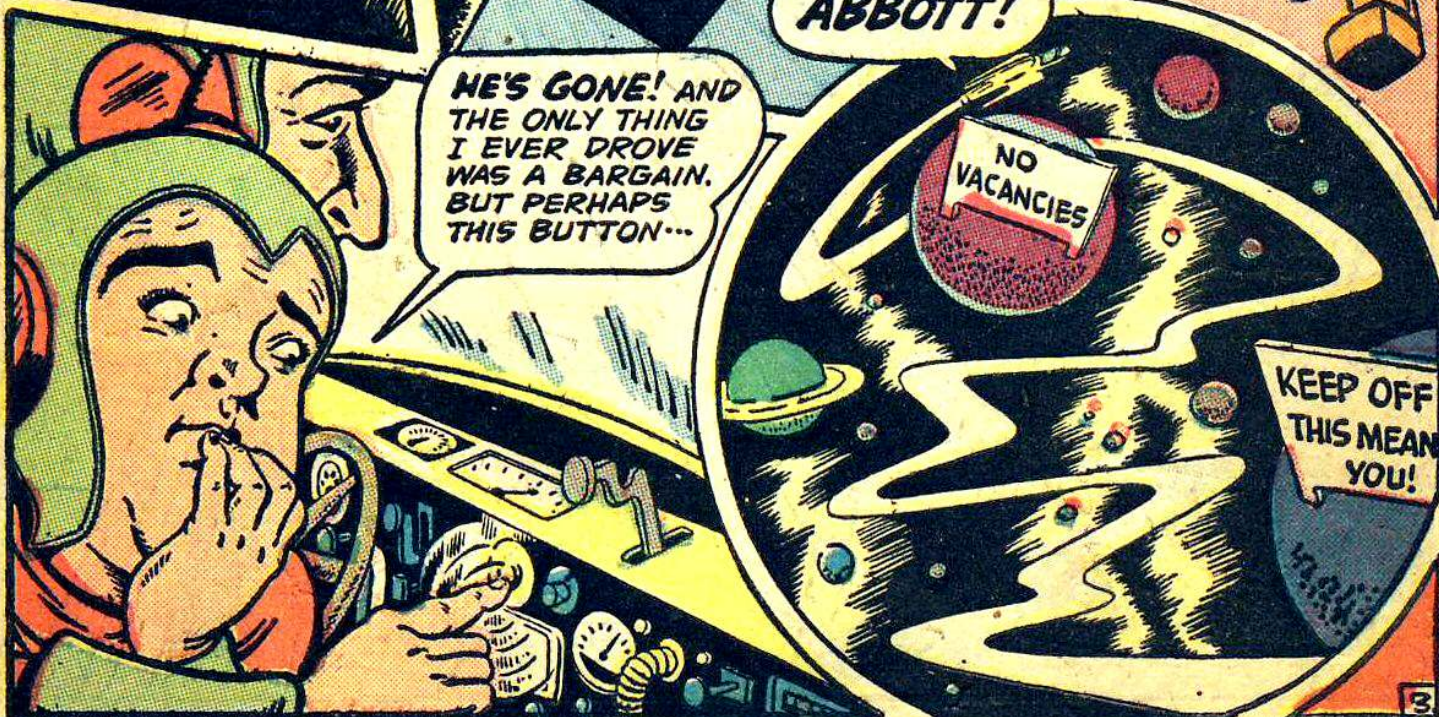
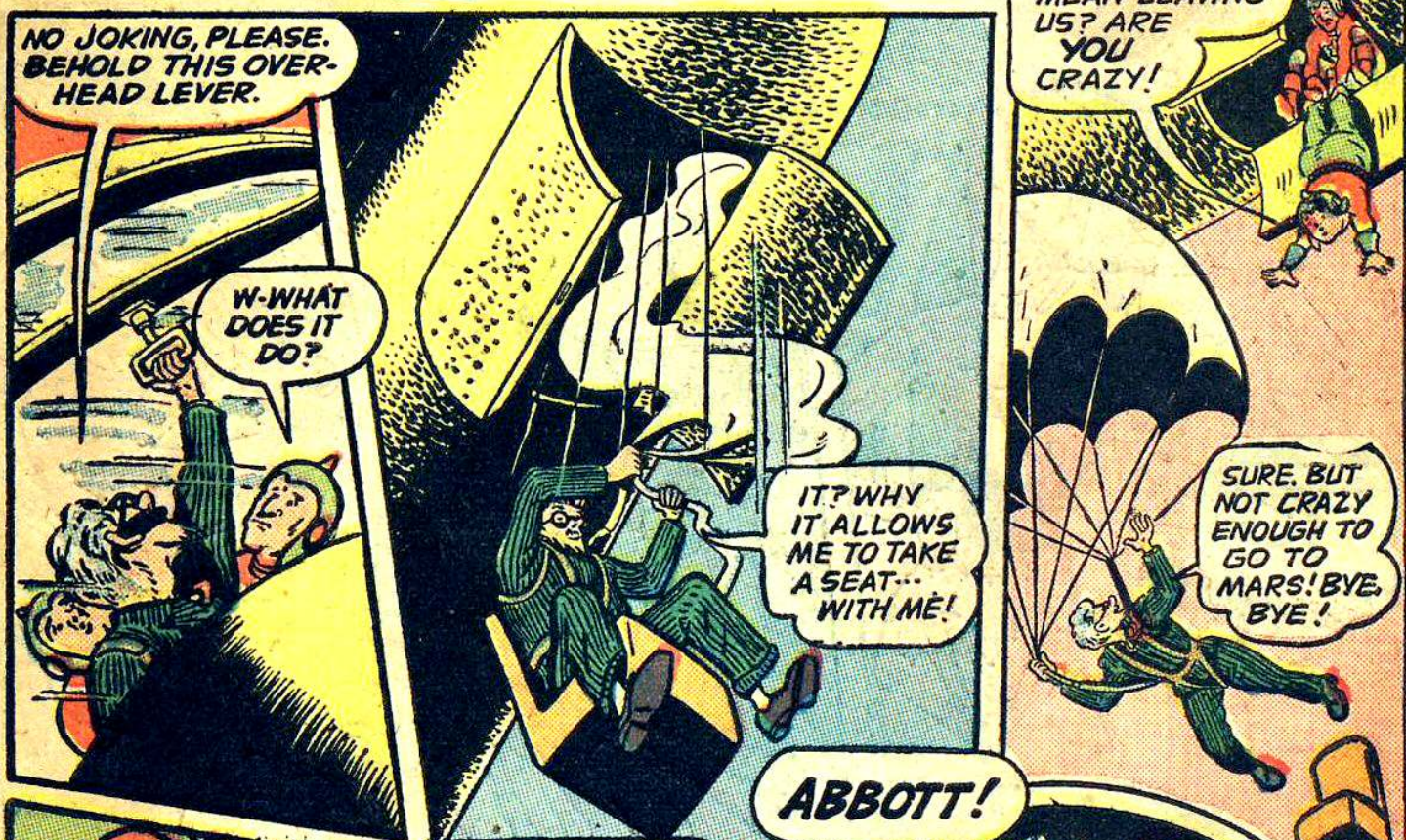
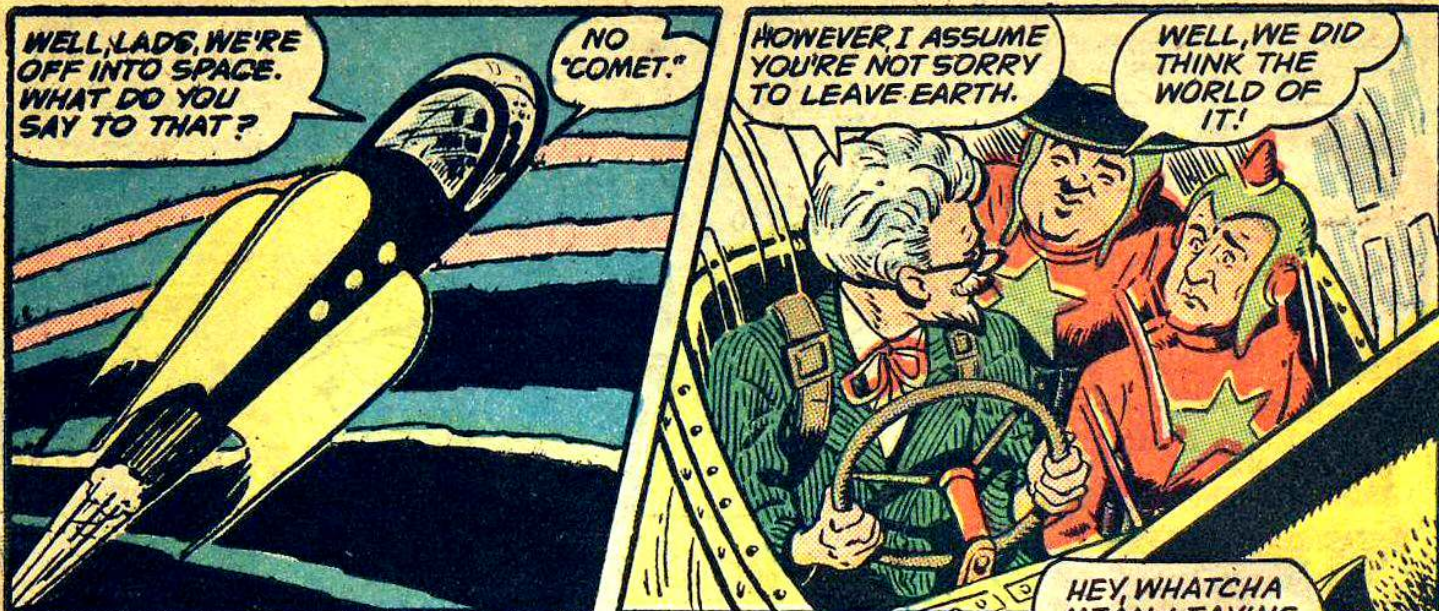
QUICKLY. THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE. YOU SEE, WE'RE FLYING TO MARS!

MARS!

C-C-COSTELLO, DID YOU HEAR THAT? WE'RE FLYING TO MARS!

SWELL! I LIKE AN OUTDOOR JOB.

**MEN
WANTED**
NO BRAIN
OR
PERIEN
NE. 3-A



AS AHEAD... WELL, TARO WHEN THE HORDES OF JUPITER ATTACK THEY SHALL NOT FIND US UNPREPARED.

CORRECT, ASTRA. OUR PATROL KEEPS OUR NATIVE MARS SAFE FROM THEIR CLUTCHES.

YES, LISTEN! THE VIDEO ALARM!

A HOSTILE SPACER! MAN ALL DISCANNONS!

FOUND! LOOK, ABBOTT ANOTHER SPACER! AND IT'S SEEN US. IT'S SLOWING DOWN TO NINE HUNDRED MILES A SECOND!

HELLO, UP THERE! WHAT METEOR DO WE TURN OFF AT FOR JERSEY CITY, PLEASE?

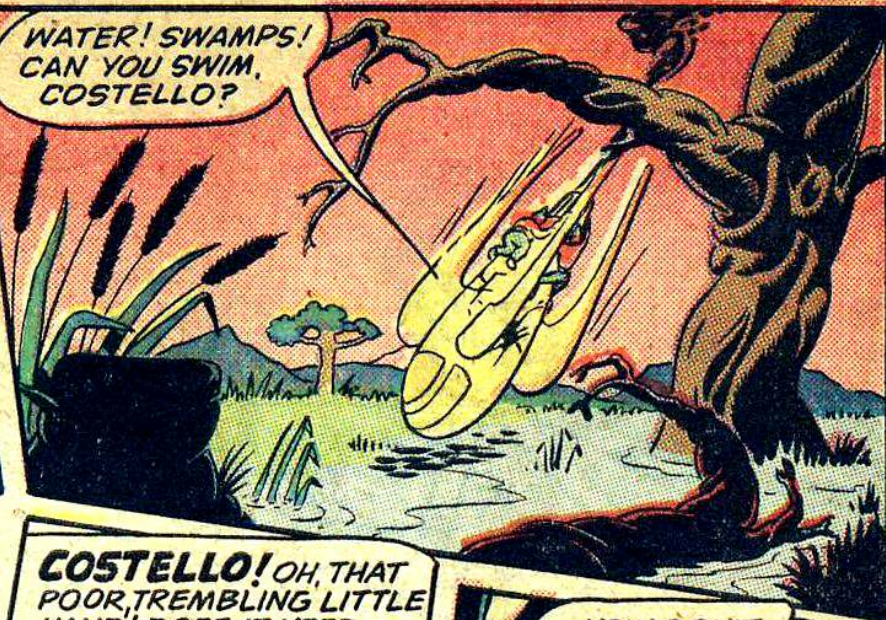
WELL, JUST DON'T STAND THERE! YELL SOMETHING, YOU DOPES --- THAT GUN, NO!

WE'RE HIT... FALLING!

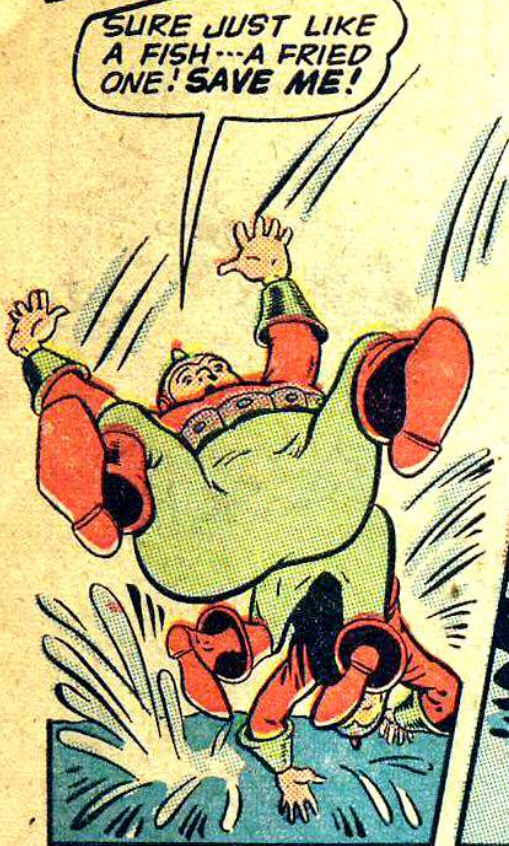
YEAH, AND GOSH, HOW I HATE TO DROP IN UNEXPECTEDLY LIKE THIS.



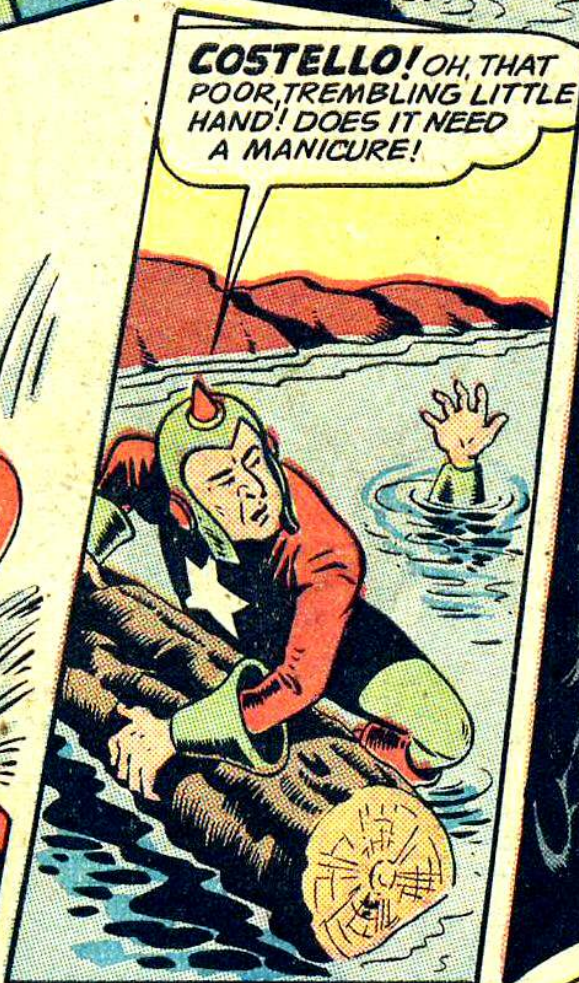
HO! THEIR
SPACER CRASHES
IN THE SWAMPS
OF DEATH.
GOOD!



**WATER! SWAMPS!
CAN YOU SWIM,
COSTELLO?**



**SURE JUST LIKE
A FISH...A FRIED
ONE! SAVE ME!**

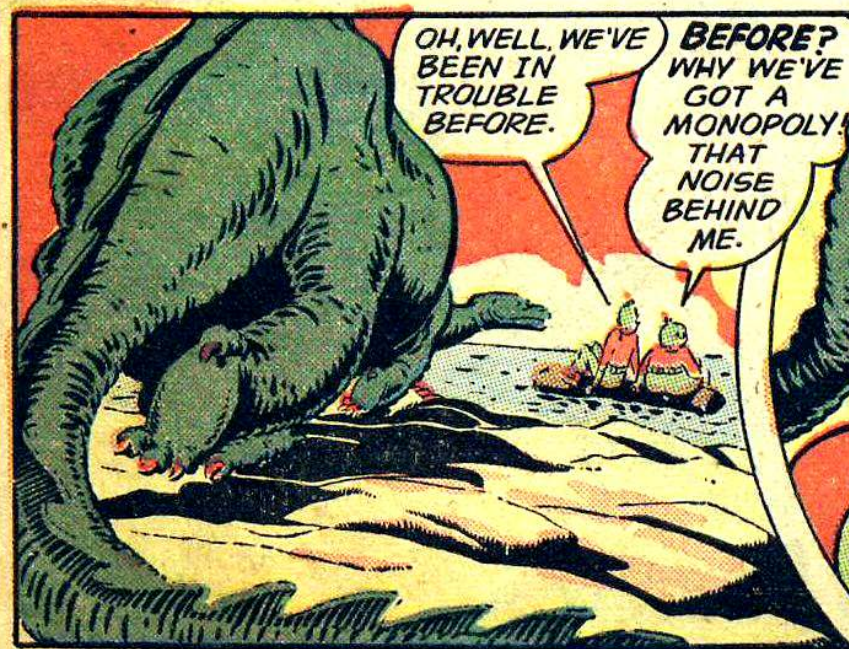


**COSTELLO! OH, THAT
POOR, TREMBLING LITTLE
HAND! DOES IT NEED
A MANICURE!**



**NOW DON'T
WORRY, COSTELLO.
GET A GRIP ON
YOURSELF.**

**BETTER YET.
YOU GET ONE
ON ME!**



**OH, WELL, WE'VE
BEEN IN
TROUBLE
BEFORE.**

**BEFORE?
WHY WE'VE
GOT A
MONOPOLY!
THAT
NOISE
BEHIND
ME.**



ABBOTT!

MEANWHILE, THE JUPITERIAN FLEET,
BOUND FOR MARS, FILLS THE SKY...

SET COURSE
FOR SWAMPS
OF DEATH!

TARO, ASTRA'S UNCLE,
WHO TAKES OUR
BRIBES HAS SO
ADVISED.

IT IS WELL.
ASTRA WILL
NOT EXPECT
AN ATTACK
FROM THAT
QUARTER.

AS AT THE
SWAMPS...

A FROG! BETTER
GET LEGS, FROG,
OR YOU'LL BE
FROG'S LEGS!

LOOK, HE
BREATHES
FIRE!

YEAH. BUT
I DON'T
THINK WE'LL
BREATHE
ANYTHING
MUCH
LONGER.

WELL, WHAT
DO YOU KNOW?
THAT ONE-
MAN MOB
SCENE IS
SCARED OF
THE FROG!

G'WAN YOU
LITTLE BULLY.
PICK ON SOMEONE
YOUR OWN SMALL-
NESS!

EASY, PAL. YOU'RE
SAFE. STOP TREMBLING
OR YOU'LL START AN
EARTHQUAKE!



AS THE INVADERS CIRCLE
AND LAND...

ATTENTION
ALL SHIP!
DISEMBARK!



DON SUCTION
SHOES TO TREAD
ON WATER.



IT IS DONE, MASTER
...BUT LOOK SOME-
ONE COMES. TO
ARMS! READY
AIM...



HI, BOYS! I
KNOW YOU GUYS
CAN'T BE TWO-
FACED OR YOU'D
BE WEARING
YOUR OTHER
ONES!

FIRE!

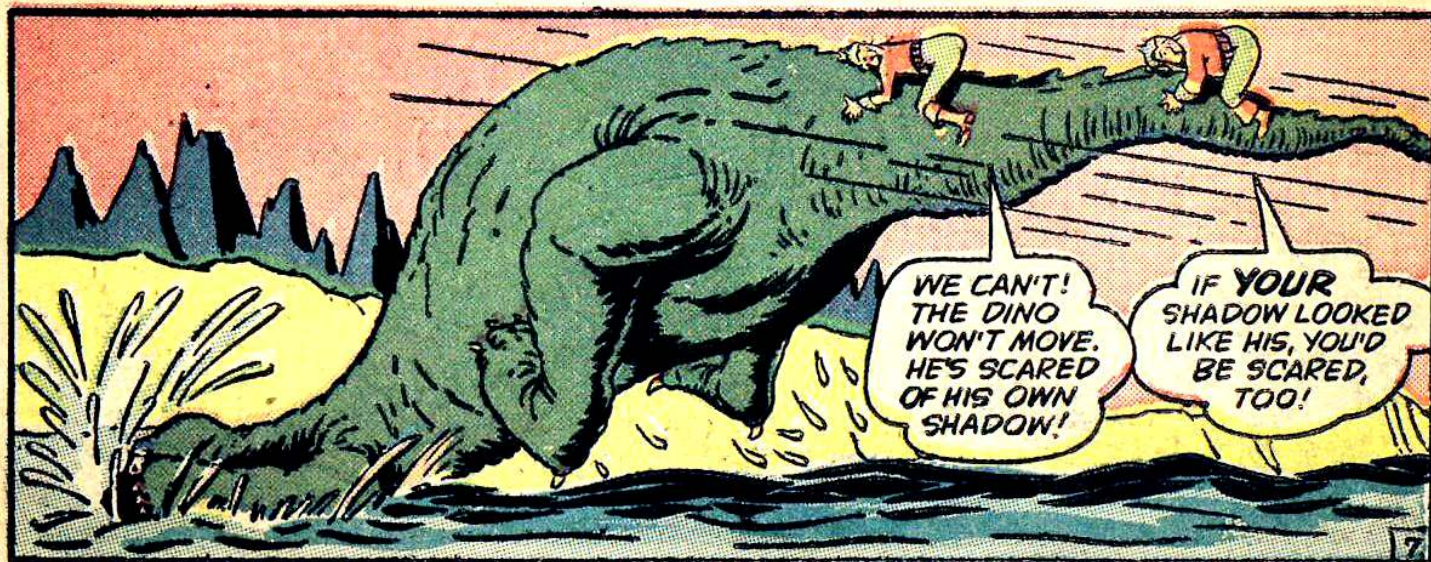
RATHER
DRAFTY, EH,
ABBOTT?



YOU'LL BE
DRAFTY, IF YOU
DON'T DUCK!
THOSE ARE
RAY BULLETS!



BUT WHY WORRY
WITH OUR ECONOMY
SIZED CHARGER?
GIDDAP NAPOLEON,
IT'S RAINING
BULLETS!



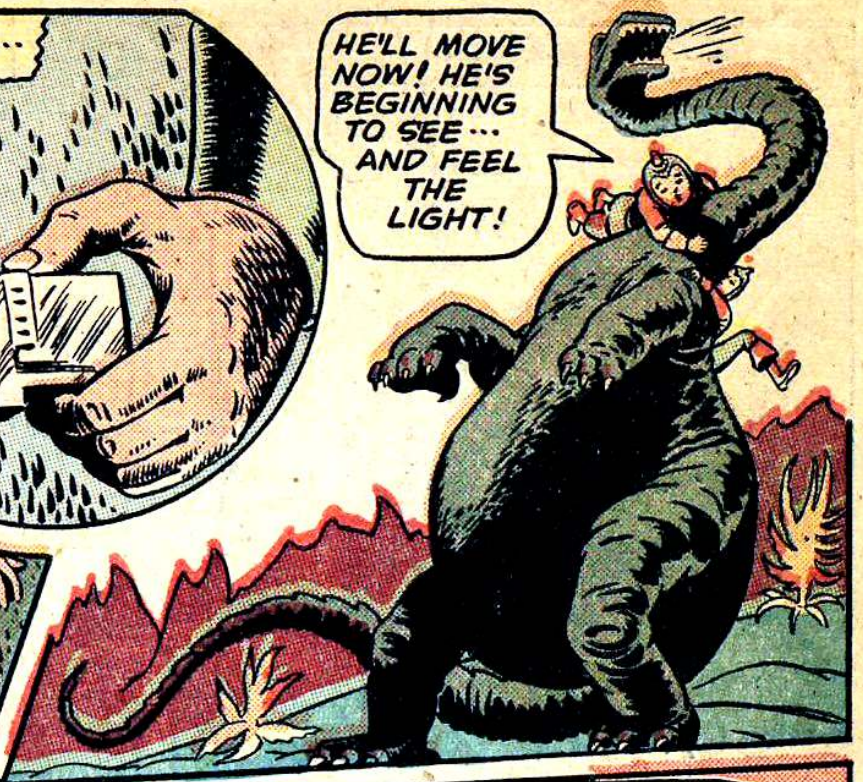
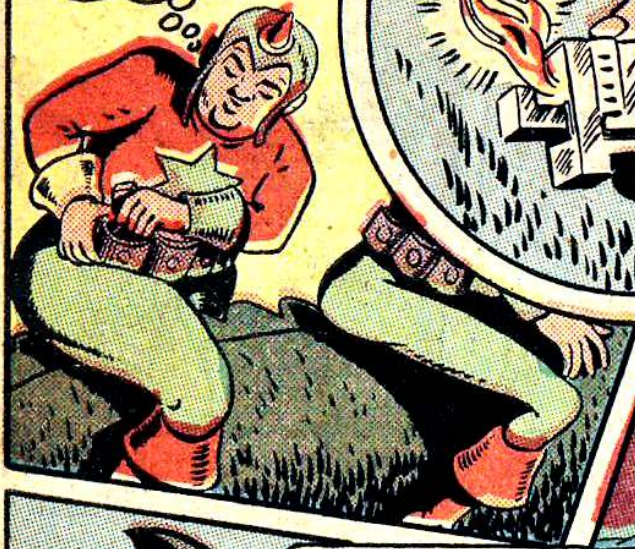
WE CAN'T!
THE DINO
WON'T MOVE.
HE'S SCARED
OF HIS OWN
SHADOW!

IF YOUR
SHADOW LOOKED
LIKE HIS, YOU'D
BE SCARED,
TOO!

HMM...I HAD SOME-
THING BACK ON OUR
OWN PLANET, BUT
"WHERE ON EARTH"
DID I PUT IT? AH,
HERE!

LAND...

HE'LL MOVE
NOW! HE'S
BEGINNING
TO SEE...
AND FEEL
THE
LIGHT!

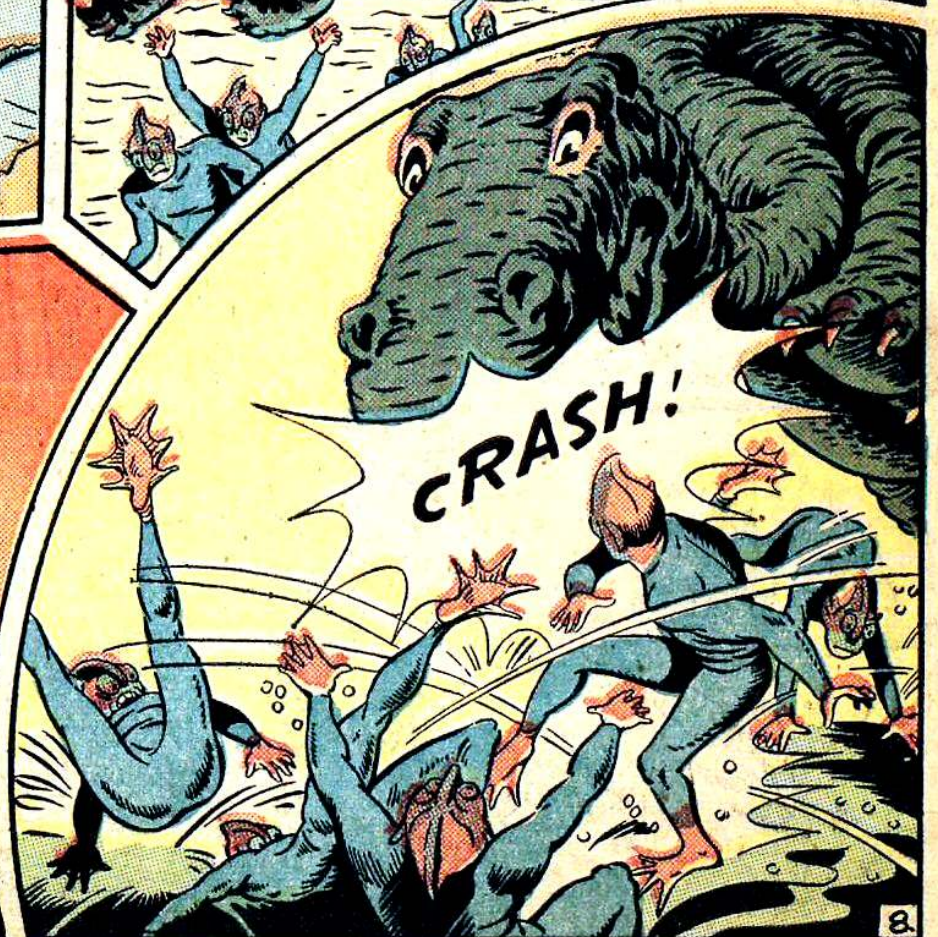


FUNNY, EH, ABBOTT?
IN ORDER TO GET
OUR DINO TO
WORK, I HAD
TO "FIRE"
HIM!

SEE, ABBOTT? THEY CAN'T
STOP DINO! IT'S NO SALE
'CAUSE HE'S USING HIS
CHARGE ACCOUNT!



QUICKLY, MEN OF
JUPITER DISPERSE
OR BE DISPERSED!
TOO LATE WE'RE...



CRASH!

SEE
NOW
WHAT
I WAS
UP TO?

YEAH, I
FINALLY
TUMBLED.

ALLEZ OOP! NICE GOING,
DINO. YOU REALLY SWAMPED
THE OPPOSITION! BUT C'MON
WE GOTTA GET TO LAND,
"SHORE" NUFF!

MADE IT! BUT
NOW WHAT? IF
WE STICK AROUND,
WE'RE APT TO
GET STUCK!

YUP. WE'D BETTER
SCRAM BEFORE
THOSE GUYS GET
ORGANIZED.

AND
DISORGANIZE
US. GIDDIAP!

AS...
DO NOT BE DIS-
COURAGED, TARO. IT
IS TRUE WE ARE
THE ONLY TWO YET
ALIVE ON MARS.

YET THESE HIGHLY
ROBOTS I HAVE
RECENTLY CREATED
CAN REPULSE ANY
JUPITERIAN
ATTACK!

AND EVEN SHOULD
THEY FAIL, MY
LABORATORY CON-
TAINS STILL
ANOTHER SECRET
TO SAVE US.
COME, I WILL
SHOW YOU.

MEANWHILE VISITORS NEAR ASTRA'S LAB...

A CITY, COMPLETE WITH DOORMAN! SAY, ADMIRAL, TAKE MY BAG... BETTER KNOWN AS ABBOTT.

HEY, DINO'S SCARED! WHAT GOES ON?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'RE GOING OFF!

W-WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

NOTHING! HE'S MAKING SURE OF THAT, THE COWARD! LET HIM GO!

RIGHT, BUT WATCH ME FLATTER THIS GUY. HI, BUB! MY WHAT NICE "COILS" YOU HAVE.

ALWAYS GLAD TO MEET A SUCCESSFUL GENT, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE NOT A SELF-MADE MAN. SHAKE, KID!

WOW! THAT BIRD REALLY HAS A GRIP OF IRON...

LOOKS LIKE WE GOTTA USE OUR HEADS NO! HE'S (OUCH!) GONNA USE THEM.

MEANWHILE.

BEHOLD, TARO, KF-79 A NEW FORMULA THAT PRODUCES ARTIFICIAL COURAGE. I SHALL QUAFF DEEPLY.

AND THEN WAIT THE GATE ALARM!



I SHALL, ASTRA. BUT FIRST TO HIDE YOUR COURAGE FORMULA, SO THAT MY TRUE MASTERS THE JUPITERIANS, SHALL NOT BE THWARTED.

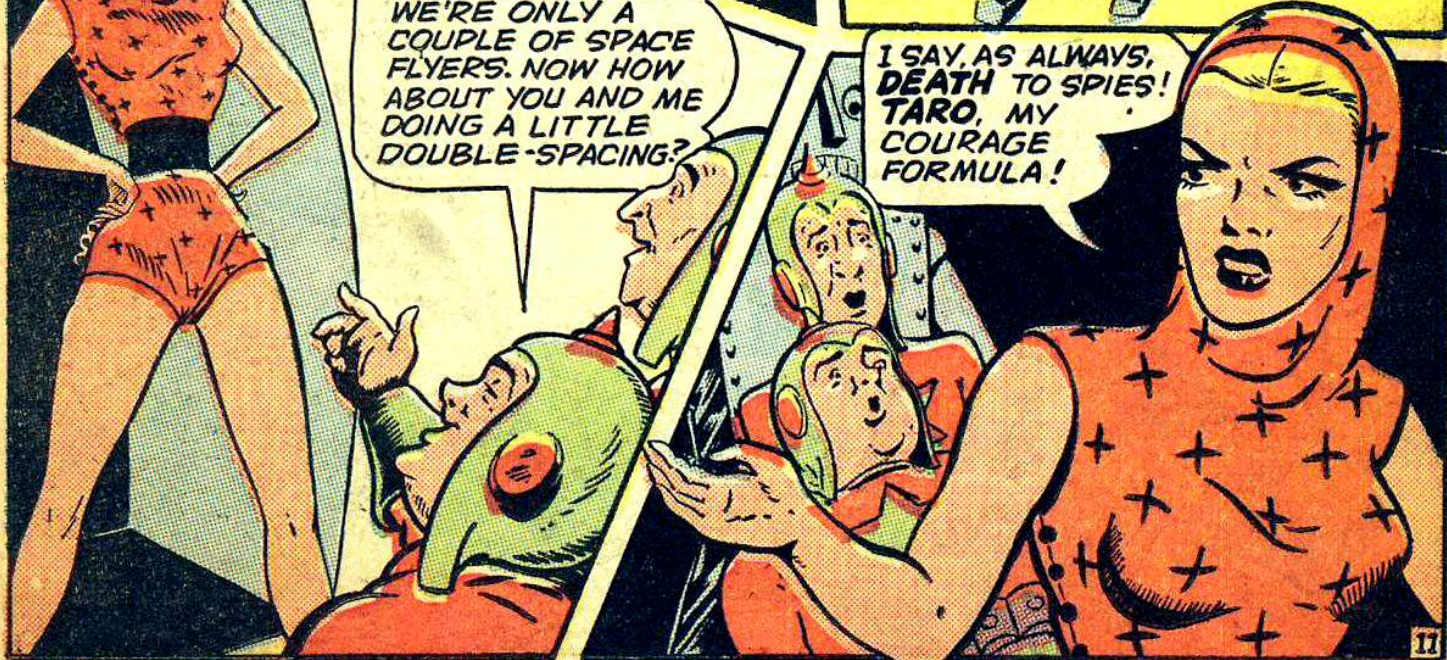


SO SPIES!

ALL WE SPIED WAS YOU, HONEY. WE'RE ONLY A COUPLE OF SPACE FLYERS. NOW HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME DOING A LITTLE DOUBLE-SPACING?



I SAY, AS ALWAYS, DEATH TO SPIES! TARO, MY COURAGE FORMULA!



DID I NOT SAY MY ROBOTS WERE SKILLED? SEE, THEY RING ME. THEY HAVE APPREHENDED SOMEONE. WAIT HERE!



TAKE A SEAT, WILL YOU PAL? ANYONE BUT THE ONE YOU GOT! I NEED IT!



YES, ASTRA, YOU'LL
NEED COURAGE TO
WITNESS THE
HORRORS OF THE
EXTERMO-MACHINE.

DRINK DEEPLY
OF PLAIN
WATER,
FOOL.



EXTERMO-MACHINE!
ASTRA, PLEASE! I CAN'T
SEE FOR THE LIFE OF
ME WHY YOU WANT
TO TAKE THE
LIFE OF ME!

DIE!



AWK!
THIS IS
REALLY
THE
MACHINE
AGE!

YEAH...AND
IS THIS
MACHINE
AGING
ME!



OUTSIDE AS THE JUPITERIAN
HORDES CLOSE IN ON ASTRA'S
LAB CITY...

LISTEN
MASTER,
SOMEONE
COMES...
ROBOTS!



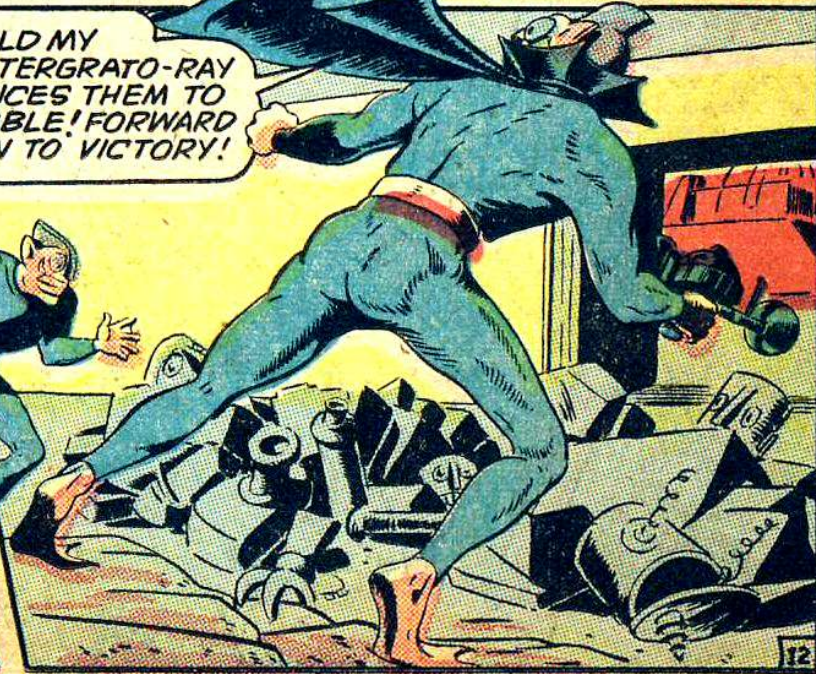
YES, THEY COME! ASTRA'S
FAITHFUL ROBOTS, TEN
THOUSAND STRONG!

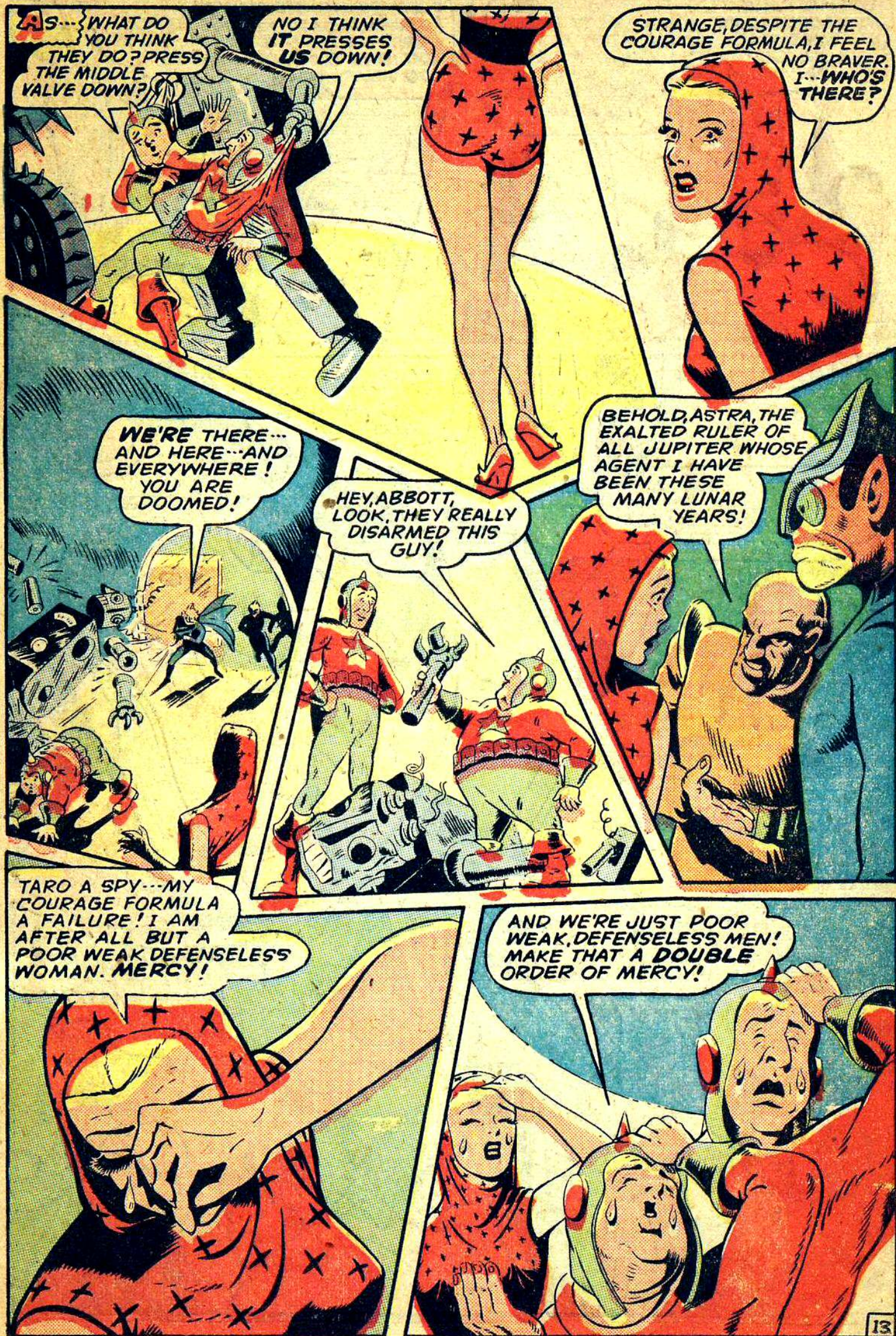


BUT... HO! POOR
FOOLISH ASTRA
TO THINK HER
JUNK PILE ARMY
COULD STAY US
OF JUPITER!



BEHOLD MY
DISINTERGRATO-RAY
REDUCES THEM TO
RUBBLE! FORWARD
NOW TO VICTORY!





AS... WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY DO? PRESS THE MIDDLE VALVE DOWN?

NO I THINK IT PASSES US DOWN!

STRANGE, DESPITE THE COURAGE FORMULA, I FEEL NO BRAVER. I... WHO'S THERE?

WE'RE THERE... AND HERE... AND EVERYWHERE! YOU ARE DOOMED!

HEY, ABBOTT, LOOK, THEY REALLY DISARMED THIS GUY!

BEHOLD, ASTRA, THE EXALTED RULER OF ALL JUPITER WHOSE AGENT I HAVE BEEN THESE MANY LUNAR YEARS!

TARO A SPY... MY COURAGE FORMULA A FAILURE! I AM AFTER ALL BUT A POOR WEAK DEFENSELESS WOMAN. MERCY!

AND WE'RE JUST POOR WEAK, DEFENSELESS MEN! MAKE THAT A DOUBLE ORDER OF MERCY!

TOO LATE I SEE
THOSE BOYS WERE
MY FRIENDS!

I KNOW YOU'RE
GOING TO KILL
ME. BUT IF YOU
GRANT A LAST
REQUEST, I WON'T
EVER BOTHER
YOU AGAIN!

HE'S RIGHT! IT'S MILITARY COURTESY
TO GRANT LAST REQUESTS. YOU
DON'T WANT US TO DIE, THINKING
YOU HAVE BAD MANNERS,
DO YOU?

VERY WELL. I SHALL
GRANT A LAST REQUEST
FOR EACH OF YOU. SPEAK
FIRST, FAT ONE!

LAST REQUEST, EH?
WHAT DO I WANT?
OH, I KNOW... A
GLASS OF
WATER!

TO WASH DOWN
MY COLD PILLS. I
WOULDN'T WANT
TO START COUGH-
ING AND DISTURB
THE EXECUTIONER.

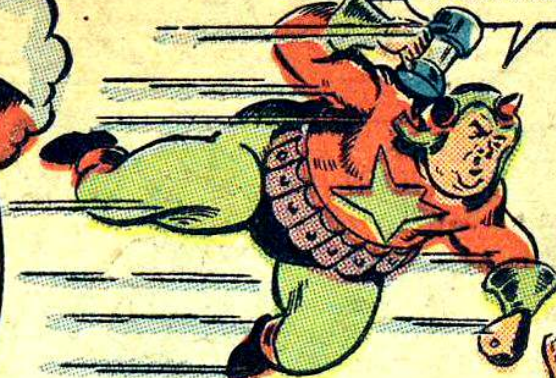
IDIOT!
HERE'S
WATER!

NO MASTER, NO!
YOU HAVE GIVEN
HIM KF-79, ASTRA'S
COURAGE
FORMULA!

AWK...WHAT A RAT!
POISONS ME BEFORE
HE KILLS
ME! NO...
WAIT!
I...



COWARD? WHO'S A
COWARD? WHY, I'M
AS BRAVE AS TWO
COWARDS!



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S COME OVER
ME, FELLAS, BUT
I'M OVERCOMING
YOU!

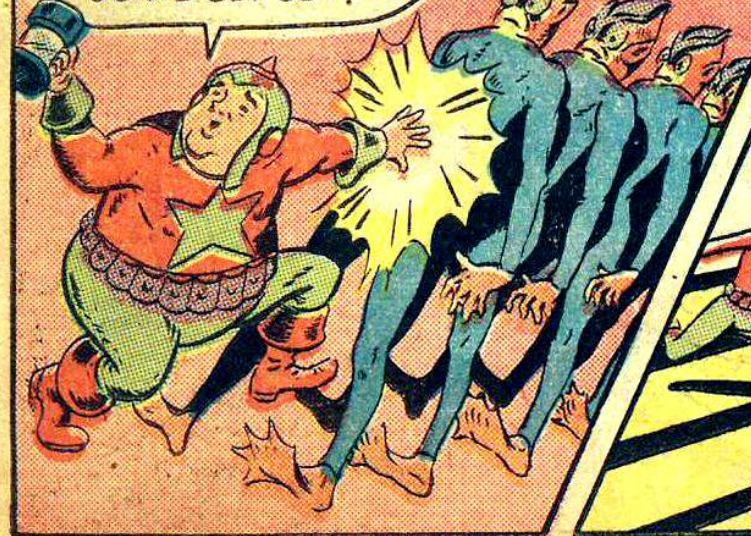
STAND
CLEAR! I
SHALL
DESTROY
HIM!



WITH THIS TOY?
WHY BACK WHERE I
COME FROM, THE
BUTTERFLYS PICK
THEIR TEETH ON
THESE.



SAY, ABBOTT, THESE CHORUS
BOYS ARE GOOD! I'M GONNA
GIVE 'EM A GREAT BIG
HAND! HEY, ASTRA, HOW
DO WE GET OUT?



THIS STAIRWAY
LEADS TO
LIBERTY!



ABOUT TIME
WE "TOOK
STEPS" TO
GET FREE!

HOW ABOUT THIS
SPACER? SHALL
WE BORROW IT?



YEAH! WE'LL
MAIL 'EM
A DEPOSIT!



C-C-COSTELLO,
THOSE CONTROLS!
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING?

SURE.
AND I REALIZE
YOU'RE NERVOUS,
BUT WHY CHEW
MY FINGER-
NAILS?

BUT, CHEER UP, ABBOTT.
MAYBE YOU WON'T ALWAYS
BE A WHITE-LIVERED,
GUMPTIONLESS,
FRAIDY-CAT.

LISTEN...
MOTORS!

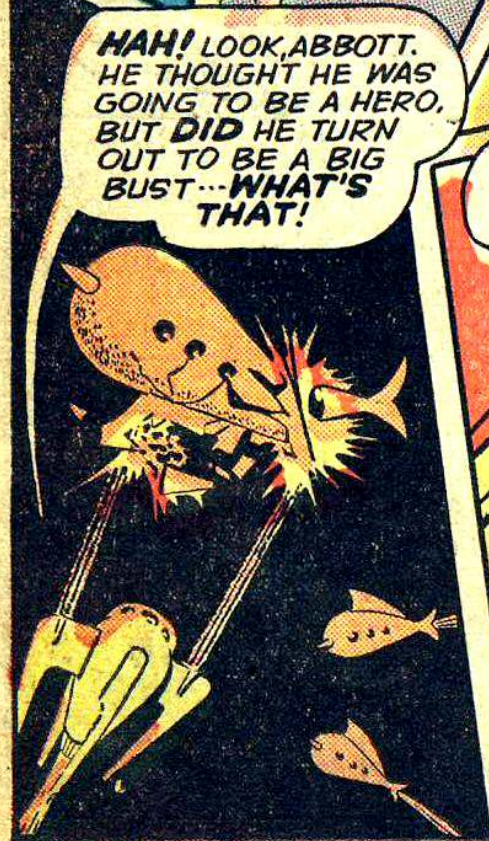


QUICKLY, MAN
ALL SPACERS!
DESTROY THOSE
MARITAN DOGS.



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
CAN I
HELP?

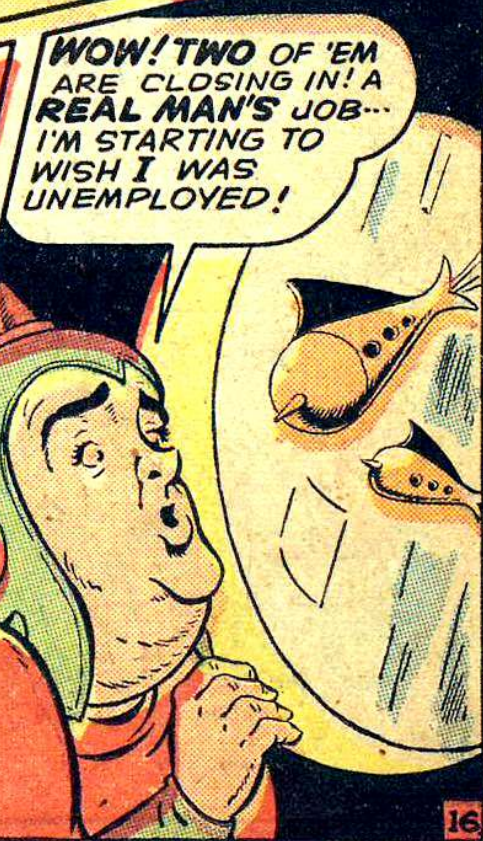
LATER...WITH
THE DISHES.
I'M TURNING
TAIL GUNNER.



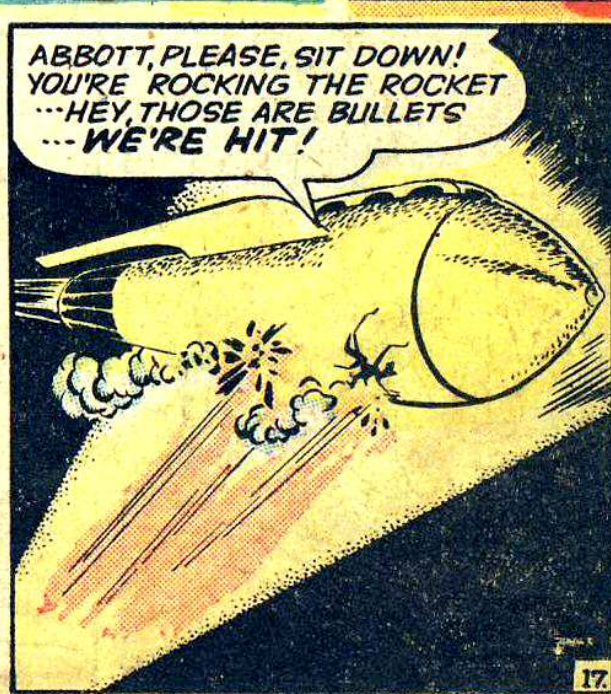
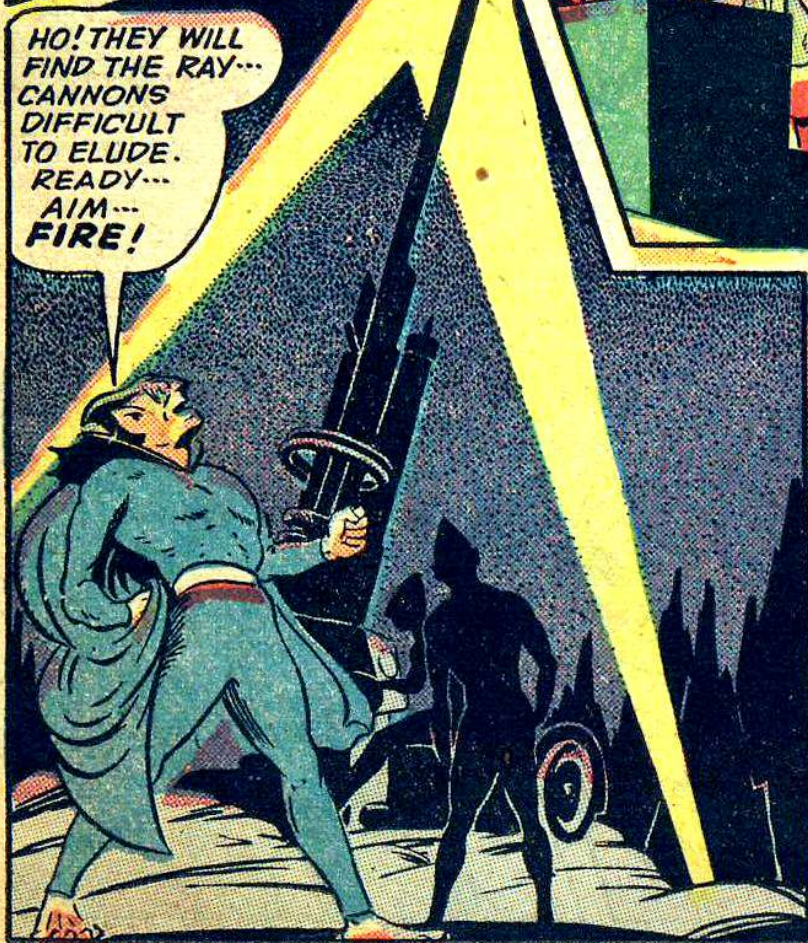
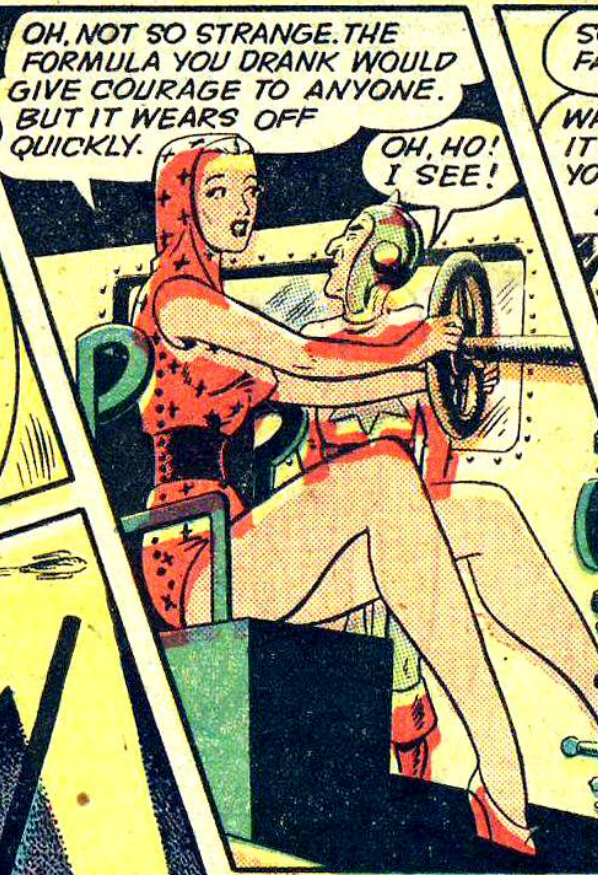
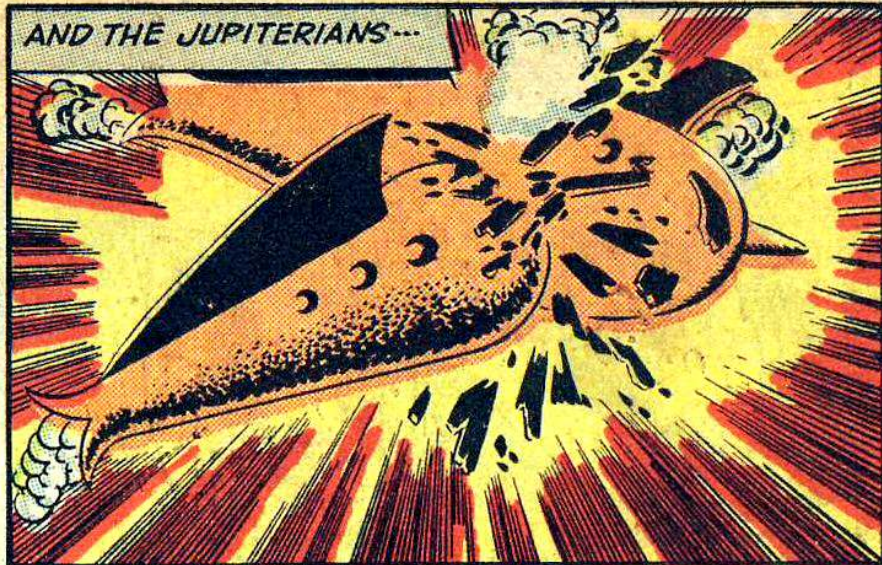
HAH! LOOK, ABBOTT.
HE THOUGHT HE WAS
GOING TO BE A HERO,
BUT DID HE TURN
OUT TO BE A BIG
BUST...WHAT'S
THAT!

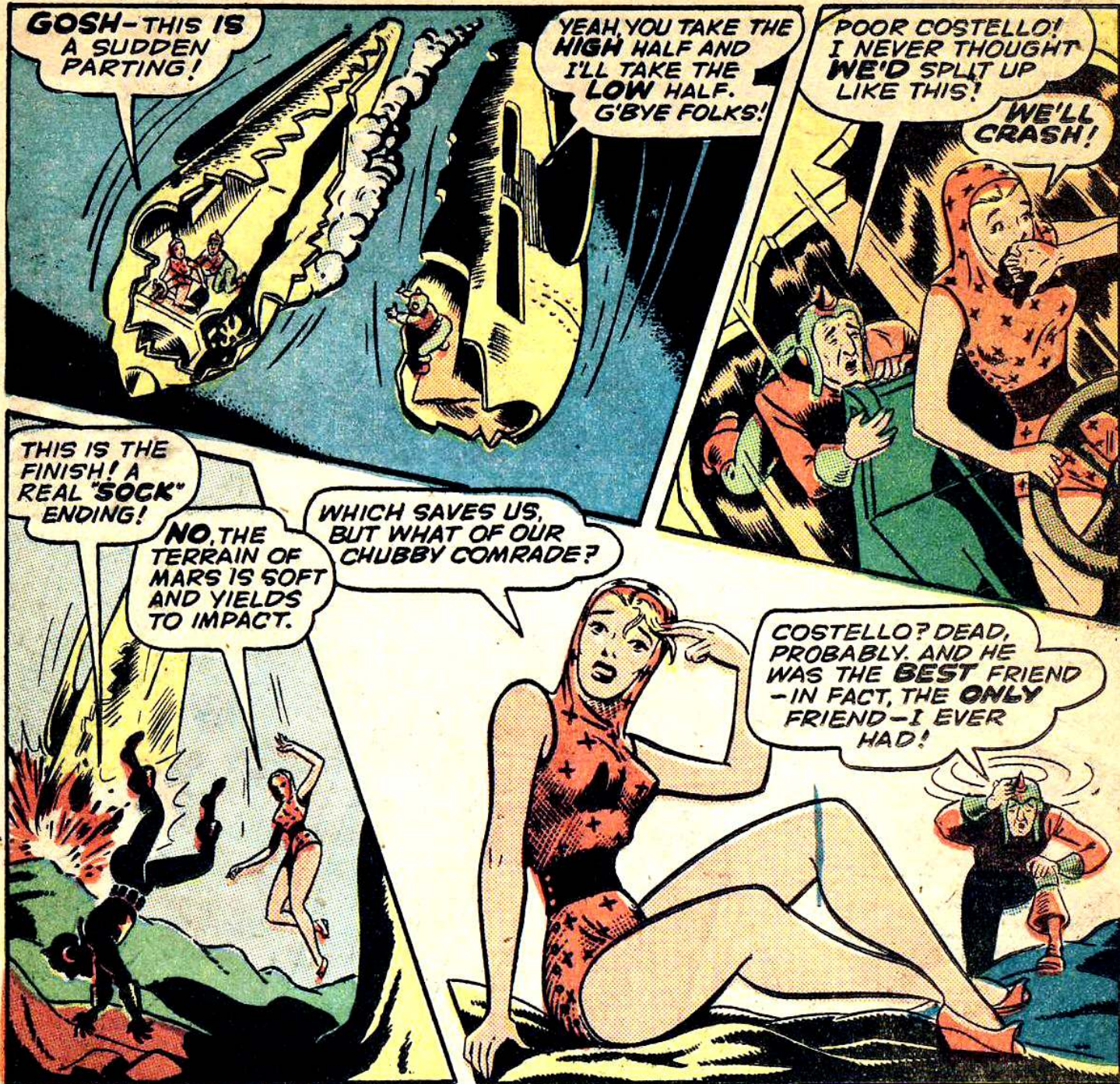


THAT? OH, THAT'S MERELY A
PAIR OF ENEMY SHIPS CON-
VERGING UPON YOU, LITTLE
MAN.



WOW! TWO OF 'EM
ARE CLOSING IN! A
REAL MAN'S JOB...
I'M STARTING TO
WISH I WAS
UNEMPLOYED!





MEANWHILE SOME
DISTANCE AWAY...

GEE, LEAVING AN OLD
PAL SURE GIVES YOU
A DROP!

BUT NO SENSE BROODING. I'M
GONNA GET MY FEET ON THE
GROUND— TO SAY (AWK!)
NOTHING OF THE REST OF
ME! HELP!

CAUGHT! BUT
THIS IS ONE TIME
I DON'T MIND BEING
"STUMPED!"

THANKS FOR THE
USE OF THE BRANCH
OFFICE, BUT I HAVE
TO TAKE A LOOK
AROUND.

GOLLY, SURE IS NICE
SCENERY. BUT I'D STILL
RATHER BE A MAN OF
THE WORLD!

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED
TO ABBOTT AND ASTRAP?
I'M SO ALL ALONE. I'M
ALSO LONELY, AND, ON
TOP OF THAT, I'M
VERY LONESOME!

O' OH, NOISES!
I WON'T BE
LONELY LONG!
IS THAT
GOOD?

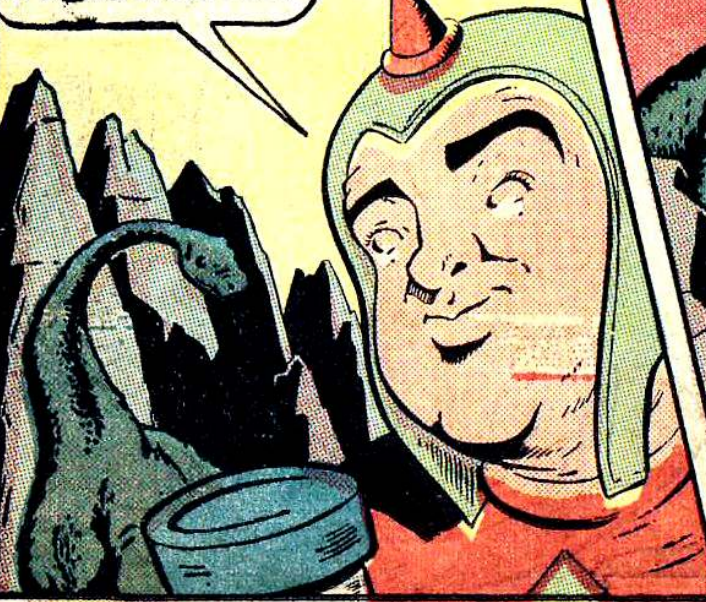
THE NOISE PROVES TO BE AN OLD FRIEND IN DIRE STRAITS—PURSUED BY A FIERCE FOE!



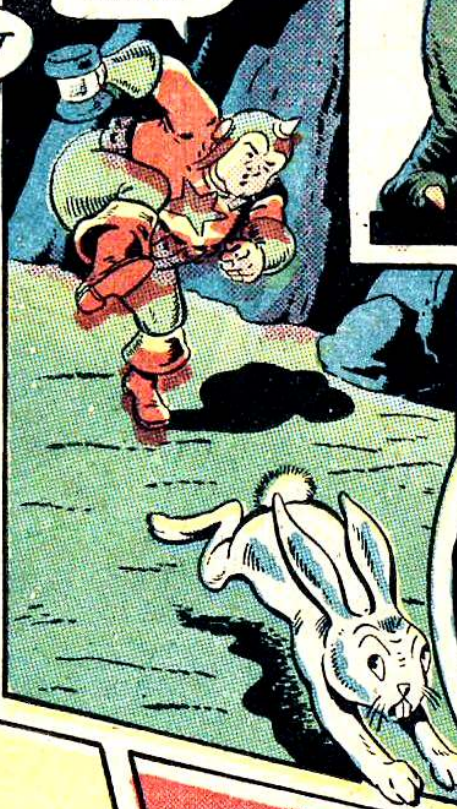
POOR DINO! HE'D BE CORNERED, IF HE WEREN'T BIGGER THAN THE CORNER!



YOU SEE, I KNOW HOW IT IS. I HAVEN'T ANY COURAGE, EITHER HEY, WAIT! I DO HAVE COURAGE—A WHOLE CUPFUL!



SCRAM, PEST! BEFORE I GET YOU IN A STEW—A RABBIT STEW!



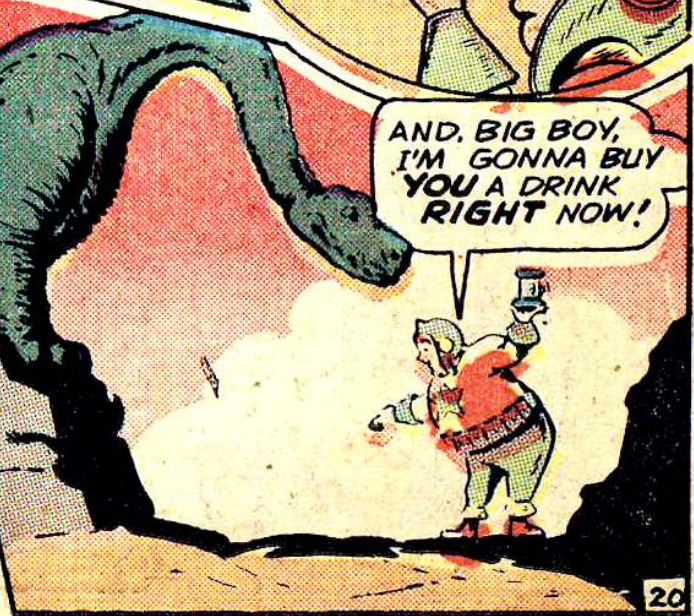
FLIGHT PROVES FUTILE! A FEW FALTERING STEPS AND "DINO" IS TRAPPED!



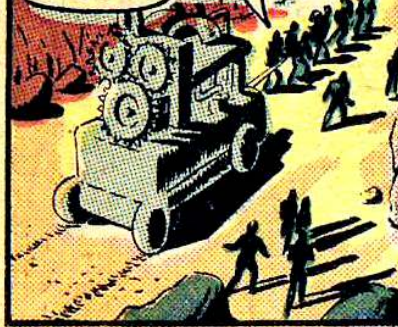
NOW—NOW DON'T HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN—YOU'RE APT TO KNOCK OVER A MOUNTAIN RANGE!



AND, BIG BOY, I'M GONNA BUY YOU A DRINK RIGHT NOW!



MEANWHILE WHAT BE-FALLS ABBOTT AND ASTRA?
BRING THE EXTERMO-MACHINE FORWARD!
BIND THE PRISONERS TO IT!



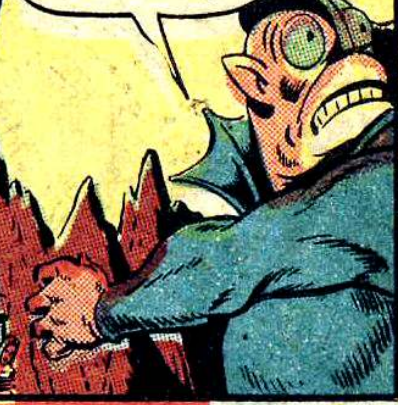
WELL, DO YOU HAVE ANY LAST WORDS THIS TIME?



Y-YES! BUT I CAN'T PRONOUNCE THEM!



IN THAT CASE WE NEED DELAY NO LONGER—WHO SHOUTS?



IT IS I, MASTER—BEHOLD, TWIN HORROR'S APPROACH!



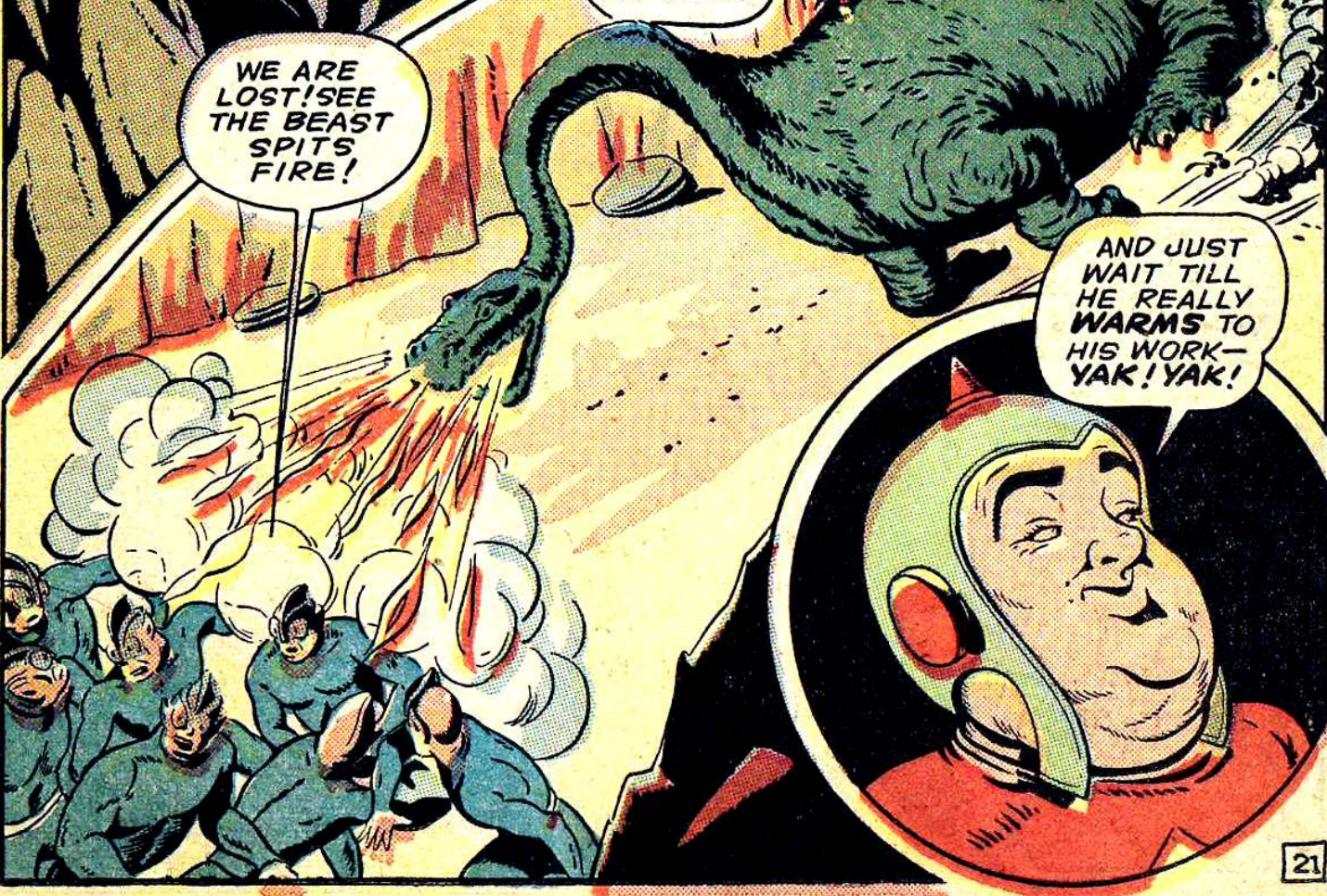
AND...

LOOK "DINO", THE "JUPS" BROUGHT THE TORTURE RACK OUTSIDE! GUESS IT WAS TOO STUFFY INDOORS FOR A GOOD MURDER.

SPITS FIRE? WHY, SURE, "DINO'S" AN OLD FLAME OF MINE!

WE ARE LOST! SEE THE BEAST SPITS FIRE!

AND JUST WAIT TILL HE REALLY WARMS TO HIS WORK—YAK! YAK!





BUT THERE'S SUCH A THING AS HAVING TOO GOOD A SEAT AT A FIGHT. I THINK I'LL MOVE BACK A LITTLE FROM RINGSIDE!



HAH! A KNIFE IN HIS AMPLE BACK MAY REDUCE THE FAT ONE'S SMUGNESS.

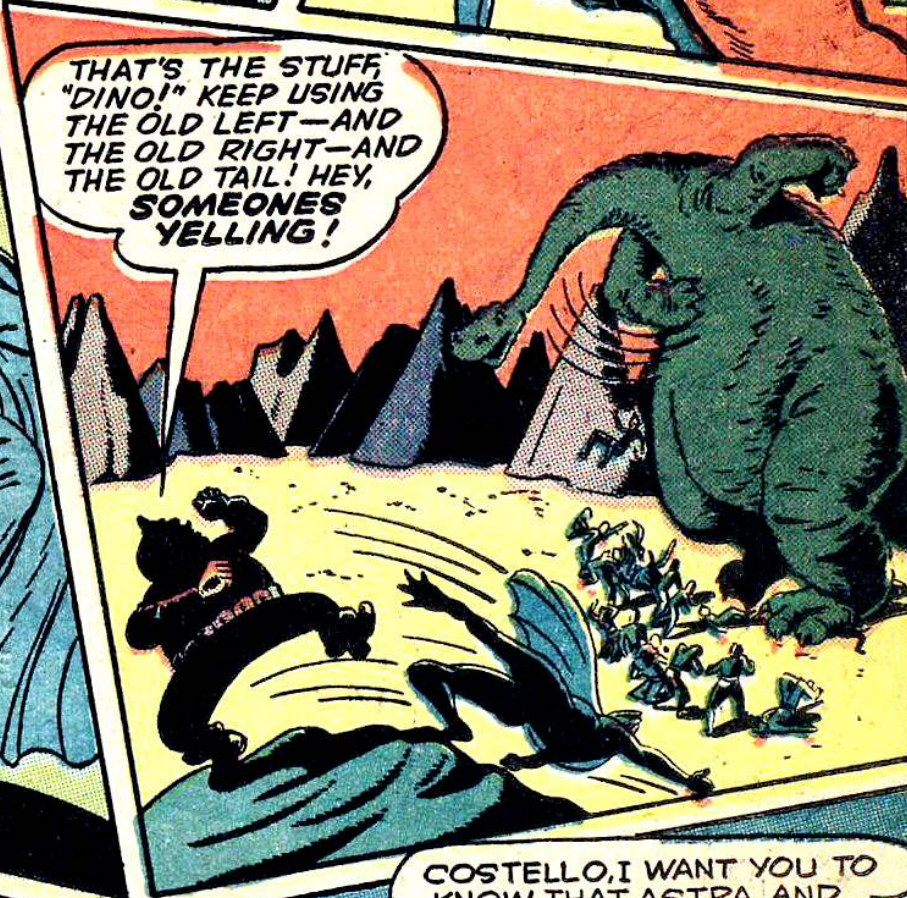
SIC 'EM, DINO!



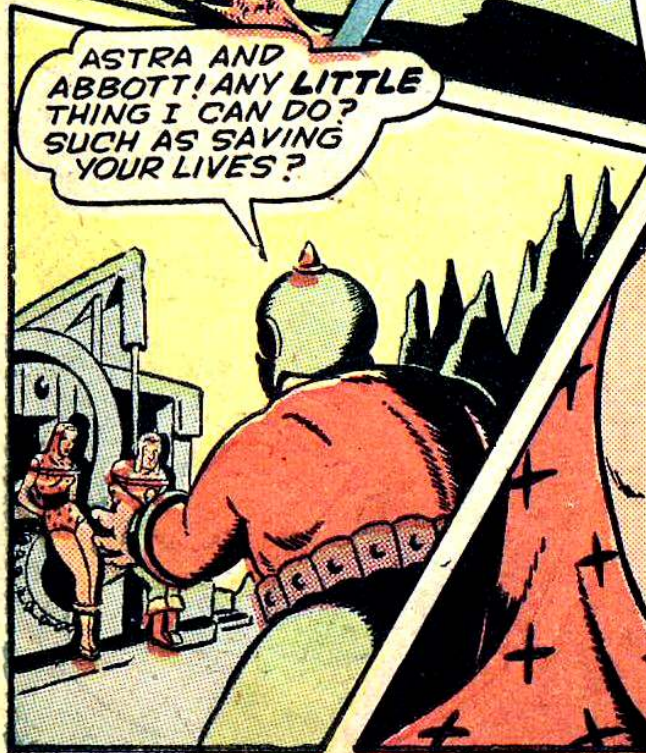
WELL, WELL, LOOK'S LIKE MY PLAYMATE INTENDS CUTTING UP -DOWN-AND-SIDWAYS!



YOU KNOW IT'S FUNNY. WE'VE JUST MET AND STILL YOU MISS ME MORE THAN ANYONE I KNOW.



THAT'S THE STUFF, "DINO!" KEEP USING THE OLD LEFT—AND THE OLD RIGHT—AND THE OLD TAIL! HEY, SOMEONES YELLING!



ASTRA AND ABBOTT! ANY LITTLE THING I CAN DO? SUCH AS SAVING YOUR LIVES?



COSTELLO, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT ASTRA AND I THINK YOU'RE SWELL!

I DO, TOO. THAT MAKES IT UNANIMOUS!



As...

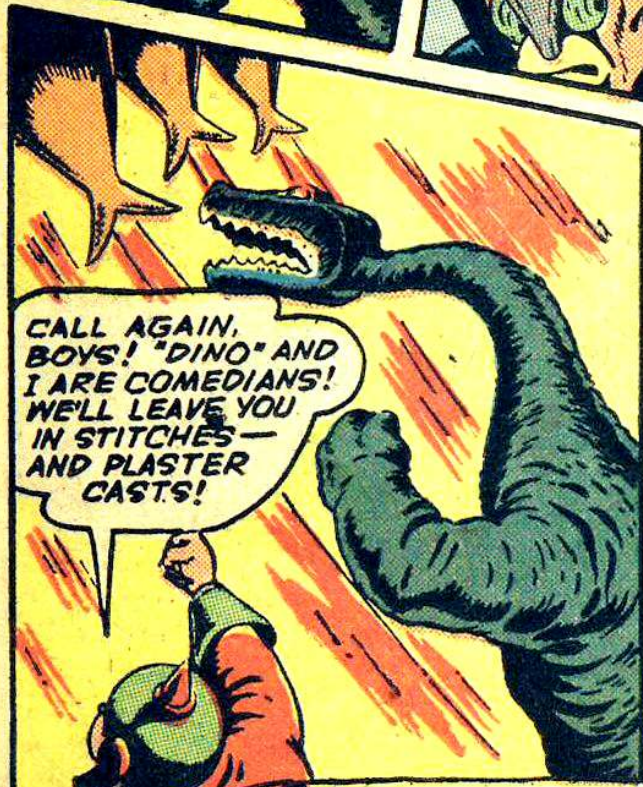
THIS BATTLE IS NOT YET LOST. MY DIS-RAY WILL SAVE US!



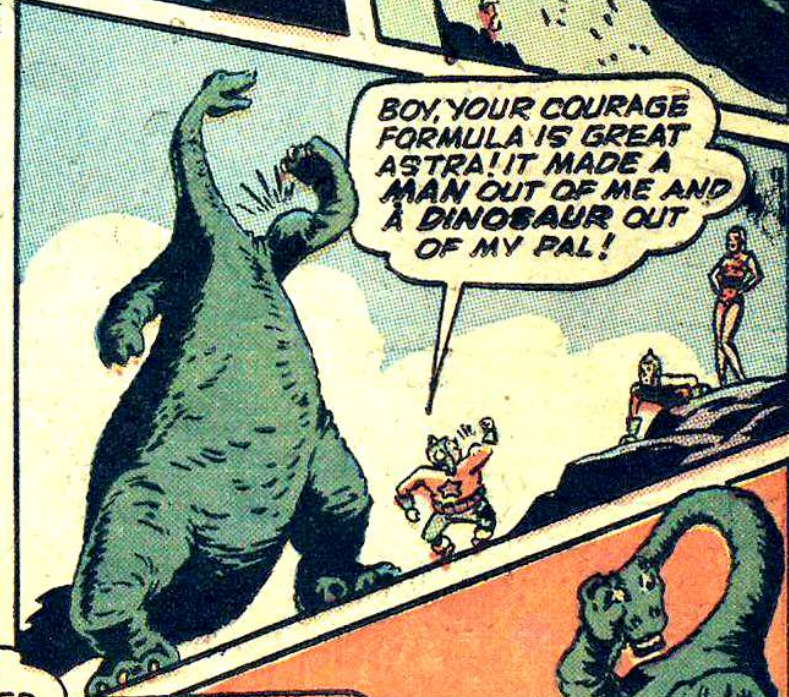
NO USE! THE RAYS ARE AS NOTHING TO HIS HIDE—FLEE TO THE SPACERS!



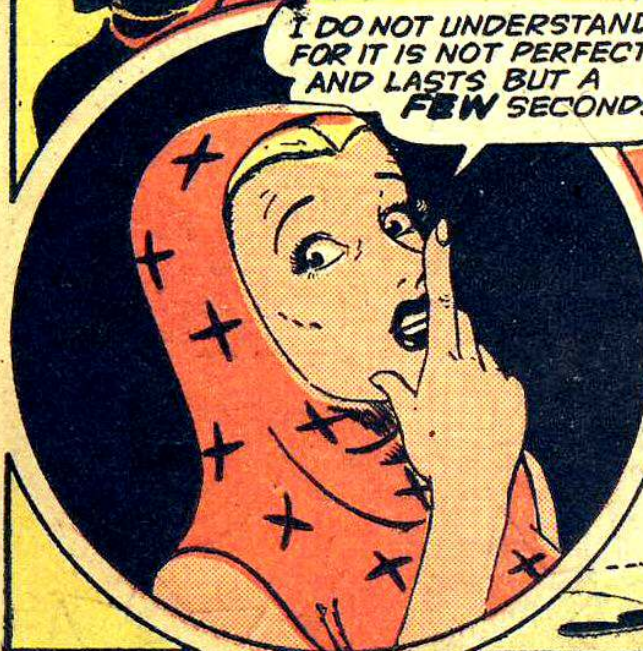
THEY'RE LEAVING THE PARTY! GUESS THEY DON'T LIKE THE KIND OF PUNCH WE SERVED!



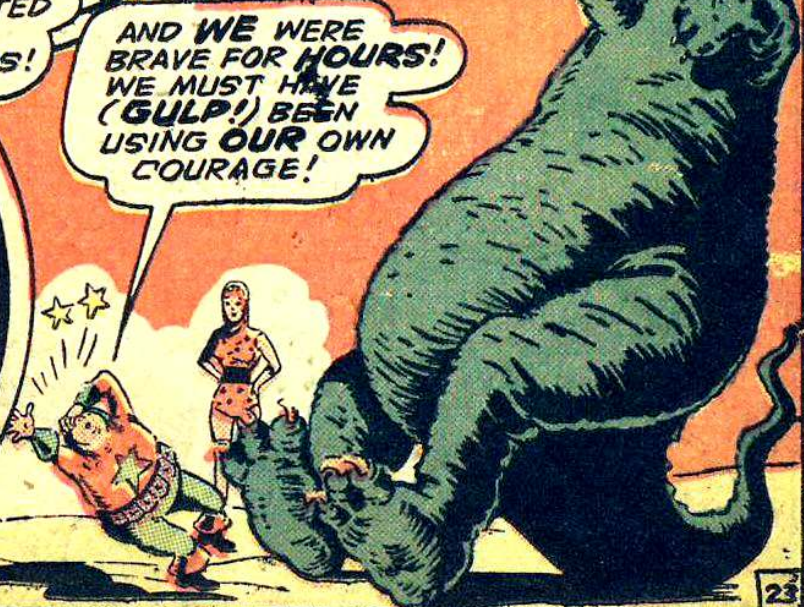
CALL AGAIN, BOYS! "DINO" AND I ARE COMEDIANS! WE'LL LEAVE YOU IN STITCHES—AND PLASTER CASTS!



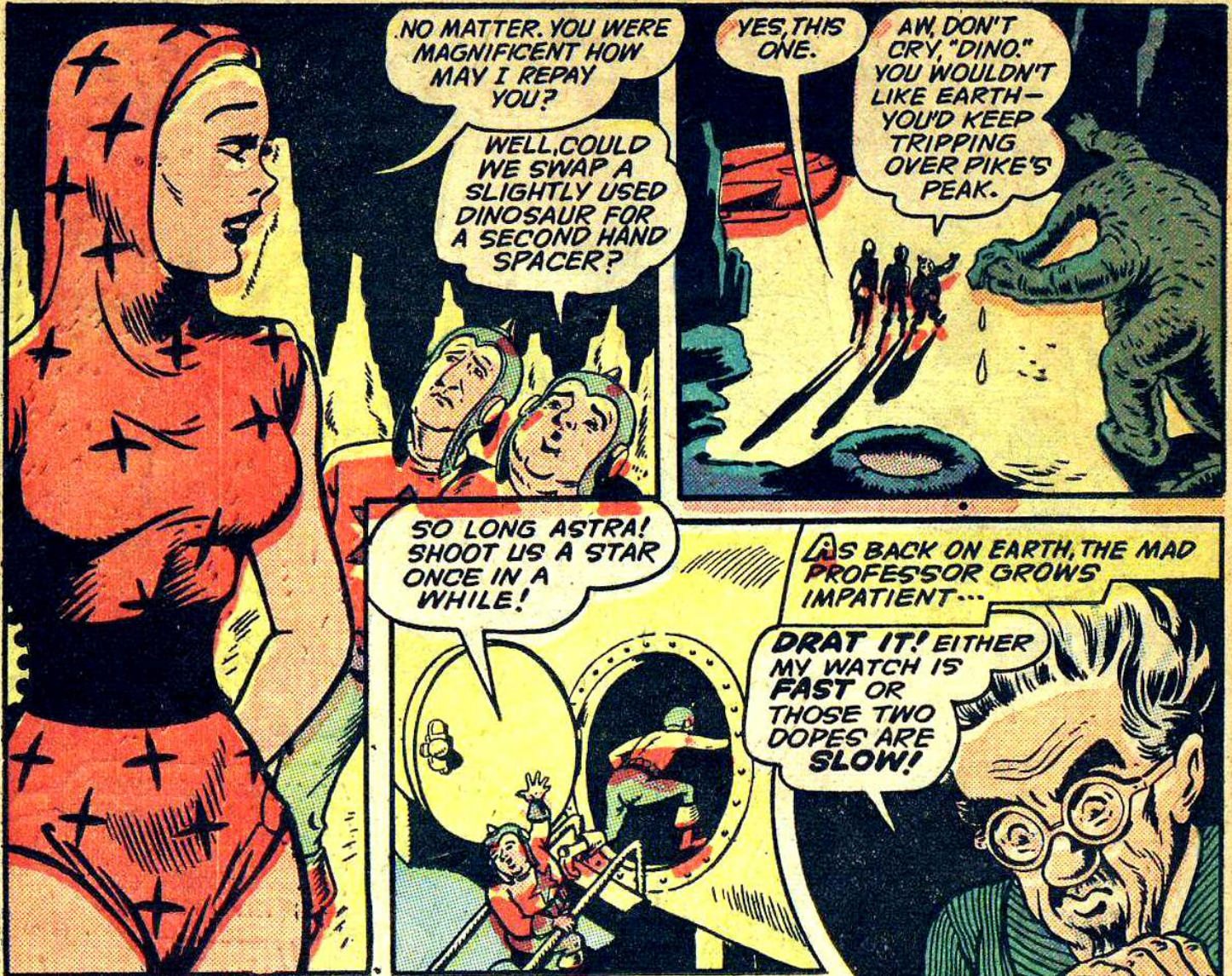
BOY, YOUR COURAGE FORMULA IS GREAT ASTRA! IT MADE A MAN OUT OF ME AND A DINOSAUR OUT OF MY PAL!



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, FOR IT IS NOT PERFECTED AND LASTS BUT A FEW SECONDS!



AND WE WERE BRAVE FOR HOURS! WE MUST HAVE (GULP!) BEEN USING OUR OWN COURAGE!



NO MATTER. YOU WERE
MAGNIFICENT HOW
MAY I REPAY
YOU?

WELL, COULD
WE SWAP A
SLIGHTLY USED
DINOSAUR FOR
A SECOND HAND
SPACER?

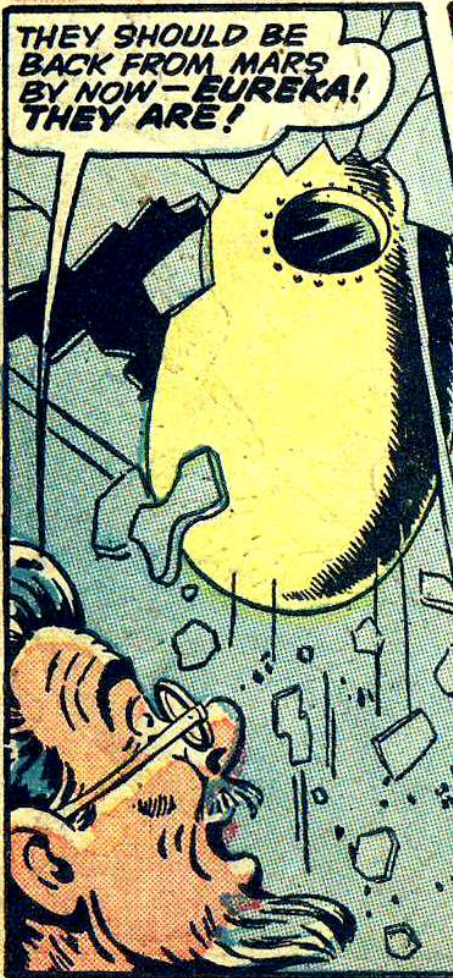
YES, THIS
ONE.

AW, DON'T
CRY, "DINO."
YOU WOULDN'T
LIKE EARTH—
YOU'D KEEP
TRIPPING
OVER PIKE'S
PEAK.

SO LONG ASTRA!
SHOOT US A STAR
ONCE IN A
WHILE!

AS BACK ON EARTH, THE MAD
PROFESSOR GROWS
IMPATIENT...

DRAT IT! EITHER
MY WATCH IS
FAST OR
THOSE TWO
DOPES ARE
SLOW!



THEY SHOULD BE
BACK FROM MARS
BY NOW—EUREKA!
THEY ARE!



SPLENDID! SUCH
FORESIGHT TAKING
THE SHORT CUT
THROUGH THE
ROOF! DID YOU
GET TO MARS?

YUP
WE GOT
MARRIED
ON MARS
ALL RIGHT.
THANKS TO
YOU!

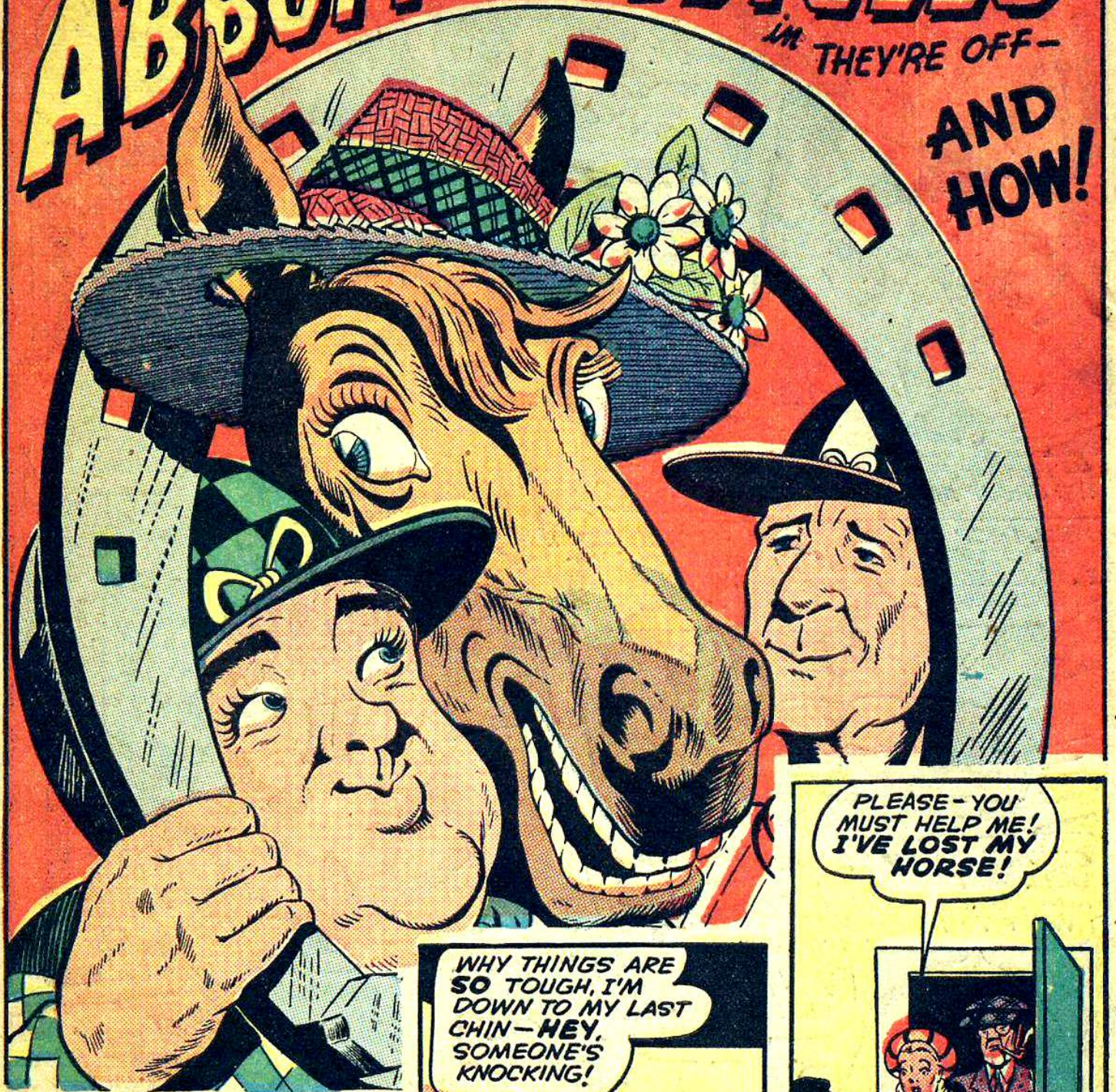


FINE! THEN
YOU MUST
HAVE SOME-
THING INTER-
ESTING TO
TELL ME!

YEAH,
WE'VE GOT
SOMETHING
TO TELL
YOU—WE
QUIT!

ABBOTT and COSTELLO

in THEY'RE OFF -
AND HOW!



PLEASE - YOU
MUST HELP ME!
I'VE LOST MY
HORSE!

WHY THINGS ARE
SO TOUGH, I'M
DOWN TO MY LAST
CHIN - HEY,
SOMEONE'S
KNOCKING!

COSTELLO, OUR
PRIVATE DETECTIVE
BUSINESS IS TOO
PRIVATE! WE NEVER
GET ANY CLIENTS.
I'M SLOWLY
STARVING.

YOU'RE
SLOWLY
STARVING,
EH? SORRY,
I CAN'T WAIT
FOR YOU. I'M
STARVED
NOW!



LOST YOUR HORSE!
WHO ARE YOU KIDDING,
BABE? GO HOME AND
LOOK UNDER THE
BUREAU!

NO, YOU CHAPS DON'T
UNDERSTAND. SHE'S
PATSY FURLONG. OWNER
OF THE FAMOUS RACER,
ZIP. IT'S BEEN
THEFTED YOU
KNOW.

I'M DEREK SIDE-SADDLE, ZIP'S
TRAINER. I'VE ADVISED MISS
FURLONG TO HIRE YOU
SLEUTHS!

I SEE! IN
THAT CASE
WE'LL CHANGE
OUR ATTITUDES
AND COSTUMES.

A FEW TRAFFIC LIGHTS LATER,
THE GROUP NEARS THE TRACK...

WE'LL DROP YOU
HERE, CHAPS. AND
I KNOW YOU'LL
SUCCEED!

PAL, YOU SAID
A MOUTHFUL—
WITH A BRITISH
ACCENT!

OH, HUSH, YOU IDIOT!
WE'LL PART HERE.
NOW DO YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO?

YEP, MINGLE
WITH THE HORSES
AND REPORT ANY
SUSPICIOUS NEIGHS
I HEAR.

BUT
NEARBY...

HAH, GREETINGS, OLD
BOY! I'VE TAKEN MISS
FURLONG TO HER
BOX AND YOU'VE
HIDDEN ZIP, EH?
NOW THERE'S JUST
ONE OTHER ITEM—
THOSE ALLEGED
SLEUTHS!

DON'T
WORRY, BOSS.
ME LITTLE
OLD ROD
AIN'T NEVER
FAILED.

AS... I'M GLAD I DITCHED COSTELLO. IT'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE KEEPING HIM OUT OF TROUBLE TO FIND OUT THE TROUBLE — HOOF-PRINTS!



EASY, PAL! I'M NO GANGSTER, EVEN THOUGH I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE!



PLUS A HORSE! IT'S GOTTA BE ZIP. NOW IF I CAN GET THAT TRUSTY STEED TO TRUST ME!



G'WAN, SCRAM! OH, SO YOU WON'T TAKE A WALK—THEN I'LL HAVE TO HOOF IT!



OH, YEAH? WELL, HERE'S WHERE I MAKE A LITTLE HORSE A LITTLE HOARSE!



IT'S YOU—YOU FOOL!



AW, DON'T BE MAD, ABBOTT. I'M SORRY I LOST MY HEAD—IT FITTED SO NICELY!

DOPE! C'MON WE MUST HURRY THERE'S VERY LITTLE TIME.

LESS THAN YOU REALIZE, CHAPS!





LAND...
COSTELLO, DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

NO-BUT I-(OUCH!) FEEL SOMETHING!



WHERE'LL WE TAKE 'EM, DEREK-THEY'RE GETTING CONSCIOUS!

DON'T WORRY, THIS PAIR NEVER GETS VERY CONSCIOUS. THAT STABLE WILL DO.



SOON...
OW-MY HEAD FEELS LIKE THEY'RE RUNNING THE KENTUCKY DERBY IN IT-OH, HELLO!



HELLO, CHAPS! I GUESS YOU REALIZE BY NOW THAT I KIDNAPPED ZIP? ISN'T THAT RIPPING?

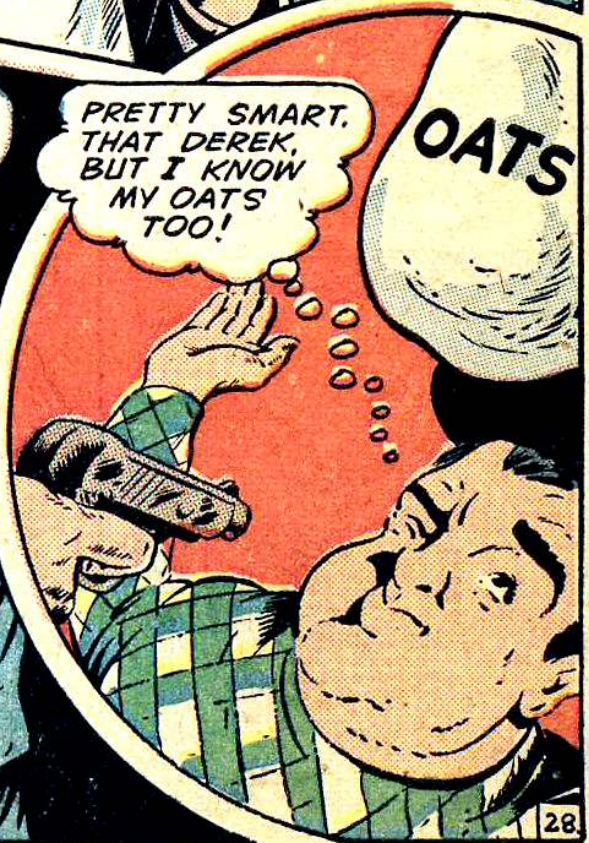
RIPPING? WHAT DID YOU TEAR?



NOT A THING, OLD BOY. BUT I DID PLACE A HUGE WAGER ON ANOTHER HORSE. WITH ZIP OUT OF THE WAY, I COULDN'T LOSE, Y'KNOW.

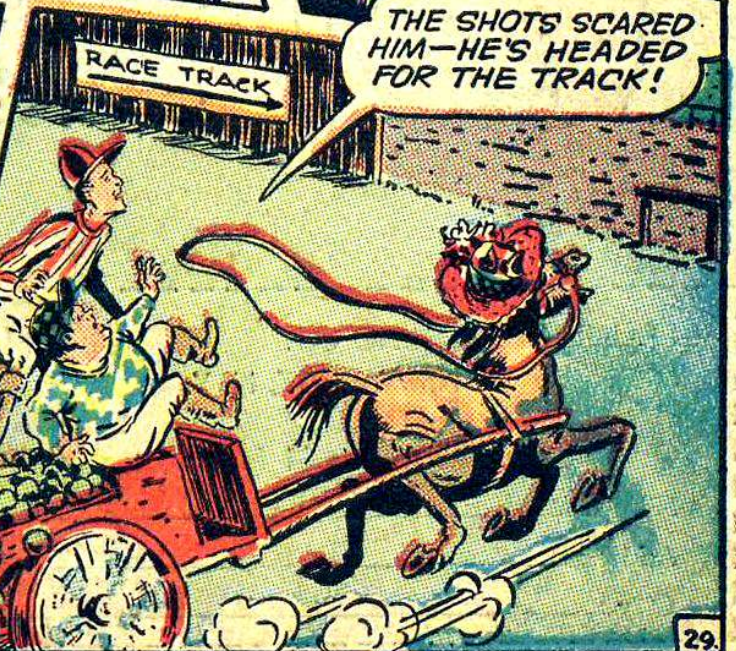
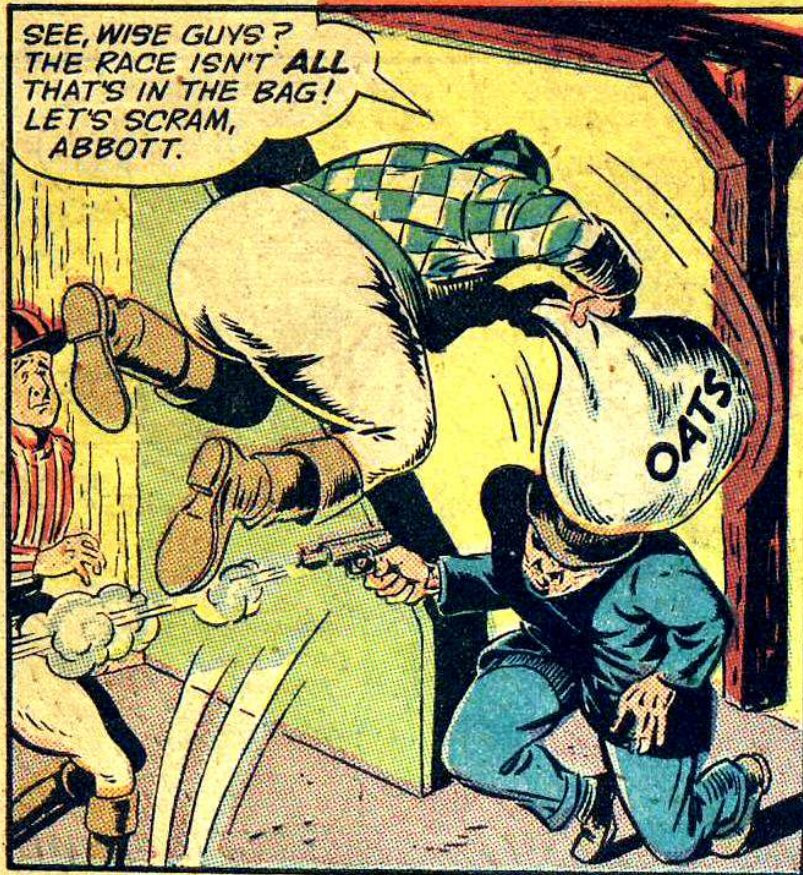


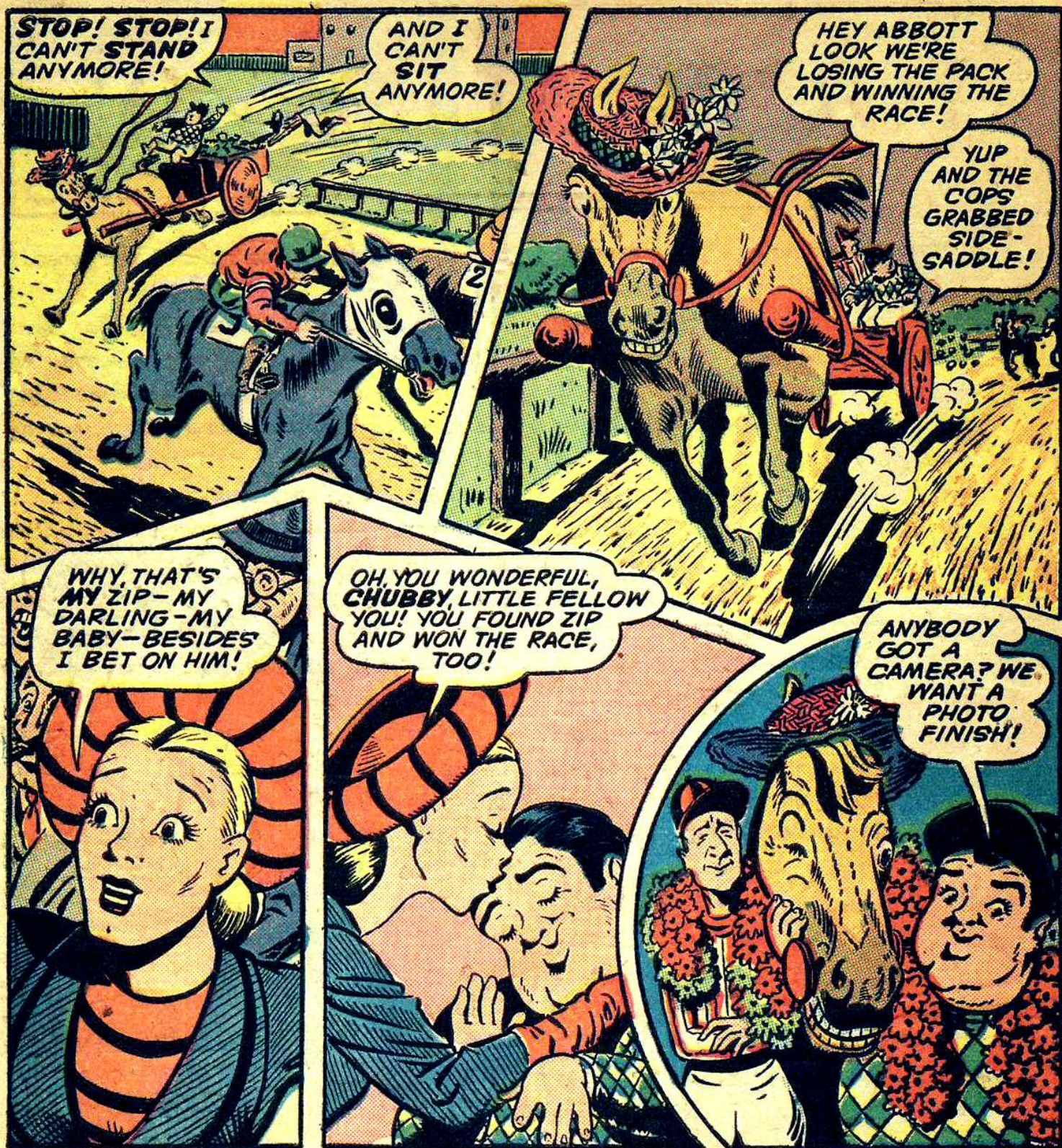
THEN HE HIRED YOU TWO DOPES TO MAKE SURE THE NAG WAS NEVER FOUND, BUT THAT'S ENOUGH CHATTER, ONE-TWO-



PRETTY SMART, THAT DEREK, BUT I KNOW MY OATS TOO!

OATS





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YOU'RE ALL WED!

LOU COSTELLO was wearing a gray suit and a harried expression as he waddled from the elevator of the huge office building.

"Where do I find Mr. Abbott's office?" he asked the operator.

"Right down the hall. You can't miss it. It's the door that needs washing."

Costello, graceful as an avalanche, made his way as directed, then paused with his hand on the knob. What sort of deal was this? What was Abbott up to now? What did those gilt letters "ABBOTT'S MATRIMONIAL BUREAU. BRANCHES: PARIS, LONDON AND HOBOKEN" mean? Should he get mixed up in this? Probably not. Yet Abbott had seemed eager on the phone — so eager, in fact, that he had forgotten to reverse the charges, as he usually did. Oh, well, it couldn't hurt to look.

"Come in. Come in, Sir," greeted Abbott looking up from his desk. "Oh, it's *only* you, Costello." Suddenly he brightened. "Little friend, I have the chance of a lifetime here for you. Take a chair!"

"Looks like the finance company beat me to it," answered Costello, as he vainly hunted the practically barren office for a seat.

"Well, I'm just getting started, of course. Kind of scarce on furniture, but let me assure there is no dearth of opportunity for a bright young man. Or for *you*, either, Costello. I'm really on to something big. Naturally, the first one I thought of was you. How would you like to get married?"

Costello began to pale. It took some moments, of course, for a blanch, no matter how hard working, to cover *his* figure, but finally he managed to croak, "Married? But, Abbott,

this is so sudden. I had no idea you cared. I never—"

"Now don't drag out any day-old jokes. What I mean is this. Getting people married is my business. You see, everyone wants to get married. But you don't always get to meet the right person. That's where I come in — by introducing you to your soul mate. The Abbott Matrimonial Bureau, Branches Paris, London and Hoboken, eliminates all elements of chance and reduces marriage to a scientific basis. Girl meets proper boy; they marry; they send me a fee. And everybody's happy! Now about *your* case—"

"But, Abbott, I don't want to get married! I've got to support a poor, old gray-haired bookmaker. I—"

"Nonsense! Just wait till you see the young lady I have in mind for you. Oh, Constance, would you mind lumbering in here for a minute?"

Heavy footsteps sounded an approach and the room shook as though in the grip of a junior varsity earthquake. Costello looked up (four feet up) to behold a girl who was undeniably moulded on classical lines. Indeed, she bore a rather startling resemblance to the Roman Colosseum. Bending daintily as her out-sized head shattered the chandelier, she patted Costello's brow. He felt the start of a mild brain concussion and a fresh bruise was raised at each gentle stroke.

"Why, of course, I'll marry you, Darling," boomed the huge Constance in a voice that would have shamed the coast artillery.

"Gee, that's swell," smiled Costello. "We'll just have a quiet little affair at the Yankee Stadium, and— Hey, what am I saying? I

don't want to marry her!"

"You don't?" asked Abbott. "But surely you think she's beautiful?"

"Beautiful? Yeah, sure. But so are the Rocky Mountains and I don't want to marry them, either. LEMME OUT OF HERE!"

"Oh, now let's not be hasty. Let's look at some of my other clients first. I'm certain you'll find someone to love and to cherish from this day forward. You're excused, Constance. Just slam the door of your cage behind you, please. This way, Costello!"

Costello looked frantically for an avenue of escape, but only the door presented itself. And the key was gone! Abbott had swallowed it upon his entrance. Well, he might just as well look at that. Abbott was right. It was time he got married! Perhaps the girl of his dreams was right here in Abbott's office waiting for him. Gee, wouldn't that be something! Someone to chase his loneliness! Someone with whom to share his hopes, his dreams and bubble gum!

His reverie was interrupted by Abbott who was proudly indicating a young lady seated in the reception room. "Now, then, Costello, how do you like Estelle?"

Costello looked, then gasped. It was some moments before he could manage to stammer, "Why—Why, she's lovely, Abbott. Absolutely lovely—but there's just one thing."

"Yes?"

"She has two heads!"

"No extra charge," smiled Abbott. "Say, wait, Costello! Get away from that window! Don't jump! Please don't think I'm trying to high pressure you into anything," he snarled, gripping the little fat fellow's wrist in a fierce judo hold. "But we strive to please. Just do me the favor of meeting Gertrude. If you don't think she's the most beautiful girl you've ever seen, you're free to walk out of this door. Is it a deal?"

"It's a deal," gasped a grateful Costello.

"Well, come along then. Actually I had been

saving Gertrude for a South American millionaire. However, you are my best friend and it's only fair that I—"

Costello followed but he wasn't listening. He was off in another world picturing the life to follow with Gertrude. Hah! At last Abbott had realized he wasn't a sucker! Now he was forced to display a good looking girl! But perhaps he had meant to do that all along. The other two had only been jokes. He should have known Abbott would have his old buddy's welfare at heart. Gosh, when he married this beautiful Gertrude, the very first people he'd ask over to the house would be Abbott and the plumber. Good, old Abbott! The best friend a—"

"And this, Costello," announced Abbott, "is Gertrude. I defy you to deny that she is the best looking girl you have ever seen!"

There was no denying it. Gertrude was the most beautiful girl Costello had ever seen. Speechless, he regarded her perfect features. Those clothes! That air of good breeding! Gingerly, he extended a chubby finger and patted that beautiful face.

"Abbott, she is. She's the most beautiful creature ever." He paused a second and sighed like a typhoon raging through the Philippines, "BUT SHE'S WAX!"

The contract dropped from Abbott's disappointed hands, "Gosh, Costello, you are hard to please!"

In his wrath Costello shook like a dish of agitated oatmeal, "Your matrimonial agency is a flop—a fake! Phooey, I'm getting out of here! I can do better than this in Brooklyn!"

"You can?" asked Abbott eagerly. "Has she got a friend for me?"

"Sure. But remember I get the one who speaks English! C'mon!"

The door slammed on their departure. Abbott's Matrimonial Bureau, Branches Paris, London and Hoboken, had dissolved.

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